

Heat: Defusing our energy crisis

FEBRUARY 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Maclean's

Eat: The greatest restaurant on earth
Sweet: David Freeman's unlikely triumph



Sweep! Curling as a way of life
Tricks of the broom by Ernie Richardson

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Maclean's

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COVER: Photograph by Hesté Smith of the Pease River family at Woodbury's Battle Club. MACLEAN'S is published weekly by Maclean-Hunter Ltd., 201 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5H 1A7. TV: Maclean-Hunter's weekly, not national, edition on page 18.

INSIDE MACLEAN'S

"I can't write about anybody till I've seen the winner of his or her eyes," says Jack Ludwig. "I'm a novelist, not a sportswriter."

A relatively simple condition. One to which we could readily agree, and also one which over the past two years has brought a new standard of sports coverage to this magazine. It began with hockey's Dunk Season in April of 1972, and when (indeed) hockey's Penguins Benke, horse man's Ron Tynette, hockey's Ken Dryden and most of them Canada. They have been the offbeat studies as well: elsewhere La Perovoyev and darkhorse George McGovern. The winner of many eyes: that's the Ludwig secret for getting past the hypochondria "image" of the

best kept over the years, and his report on that experience began on page 26.

Going to know Jack Ludwig is like getting to know a crowd of different people. So far, we know of their Ludwig. Jack the Chameleon conducts an odd, three-ring circus conversation in herpetological language made thick with quotations, veiling metaphors and broadly spoken humor. He's an enigmatic dandy, in person or print.

Jack the Novelist is a more serious, more taken more seriously. Winner of a doctored literary sword, he has just published his third successive critically acclaimed novel: *A Woman Of Her Age* (MacMillan and Stewart). *The Globe and Mail* said the novel "showed him at his best." Which is pretty damn good.

Jack the Novelist can be found at Stony Brook, New York, where his conductive graduate seminars on his specialties, such as Yeats or Joyce, and make doctored over since 14 doctored candidates who have chosen to study under him.

Now (that's) Jack the Sportswriter, whether he takes it or not. He'd do. And we think he's brought enough distinction to the art to wear the title proudly.



The energy crisis: a test of values

It blew up as suddenly as a summer bathbomb. For years, we had been casually taking for granted the idea of Canada's inconspicuous methastatic energy sector; then, overnight, we discovered we had an energy crisis that threatened to change our living habits in ways so fundamental as to remake our nervous system. In his authoritative summing up of the situation, which begins on page 19, John Aitken concludes that Canada's energy crisis, "despite some very real threats, is in many ways a myth, created by panicky politicians, inept bureaucrats, and a petroleum industry grown complacent in these last several prosperous years." He goes on to detail why, even though we have more than adequate reserves of fossil fuel, we will experience some serious shortages into the 1980s and beyond.

While we shouldn't abruptly cut off U.S. industry and consumers, Canadian requirements must receive first priority, particularly when the TransCanada pipeline is extended to Montreal, which will need to have its 500,000-barrel-per-day refining capacity fed from Alberta instead of foreign sources. In dealing with the giant oil companies that control Canada's petroleum industry, governments at various levels will have to take care not to cut off their exploration and research incentives. Imperial Oil, for example, drilled 133 dry holes and spent \$23 million before 1947 when it struck the Leduc field which started Canada's petroleum oil rush.

On page 20, Donald MacDonald and Peter Loughheed, in articles especially written for *Maclean's*, outline the objectives of their long-term policies. From this exchange it's clear that despite the differences between the two men, each is interpreting — and trying to implement — his own version of "the national interest." While it shouldn't be Alberta's exclusive right to define that interest, it's difficult to argue with Loughheed's contention that his province is not benefitting adequately from the extraction of its non-renewable resources. Alberta receives only 80 cents in royalties per barrel of oil, compared with \$7 in royalties and taxes collected by Saudi Arabia and \$8-\$8.50 by Venezuela, and there is every indication that the price of foreign oil will continue to rise.

An even more fundamental debate emerges out of the positions stated on page 21 by Eric Kierans and W. P. Wilkie, regarding the advisability of building the Mackenzie Valley pipeline. It seems obvious that the pipeline will have to be built, otherwise southern Canada will have to wait indefinitely for access to even the nearest of our Arctic and sub-Arctic energy reserves. Yet, Kierans is dead right when he writes: "As long as we insist on being a resource exporting nation, we can never be an industrial power." Such contradictions can only be resolved within the context of an overall industrial strategy which is long overdue.

Perhaps the most important consequence of the whole energy debate will be felt in Canadian politics. The clash of values that divides the politicians of the future may well be between those concerned with quantity and efficiency, and the advocates of more humane, less wasteful life patterns. The decline in pride of ownership and the increasing satisfaction people enjoy from community organizations are forerunners of this trend. Elections may soon be fought between "growth" and "anti-growth" parties on the federal level, much as they have already been waged in many municipalities.

We may even see the emergence of a new party centred in western Canada, based on the wealth of its resources, attempting to capture the balance of power in a badly split House of Commons. As Professor Abraham Rotstein noted some time ago: "Much will have to change in Canada, if the country is to stay the same."

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Peter C. Newman

Editor

Associate Editors

John Aitken

Maclean's

Walter Stewart

Contributing Editors

Robert Thomas Allen

John Burt

Robert Fournier

David Gault

John Gault

Robert Johnson

Michael Klein

Assistant Editors

Edna Davis

John Gault

John Gault

John Gault

Assistant Art Director

Paul Gault

Copy Editor

John Gault

Production Editor

John Gault

Assistant to the Editor

John Gault

Editorial Assistant

John Gault

John Gault

John Gault

Lloyd M. Haskin

Editor

Maclean's

Marketing Manager

John Gault

Advertising Manager

John Gault

Circulation Manager

John Gault

Quality Control Manager

John Gault

Advertising Production Manager

John Gault

Published and printed by Maclean-Renton Ltd.

Chairman

Donald F. Fraser

President

Donald G. Campbell

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Beautiful Blue
Belvedere·Flavour·Beautiful

WARNING: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

CN is heavily involved in many different enterprises throughout the Atlantic Provinces.

We run freight and passenger trains, trucks, buses, ships, telecommunications and hotels—which adds up to an enormous stake in the Atlantic Provinces' future.

CN is not slow to spot and act on new opportunities for business growth. Take Autoport on Halifax Harbor, built by CN and the Province of Nova Scotia, one of the biggest facilities for handling imported cars in North America. Or the Halifax container terminal, developed by CN and other partners into one of the biggest container ports in the world. Recently opened in Moncton is the brand new Hotel Beauséjour, operated by CN.

With 5,000 miles of railway track, 400 trucks and trailers in the Atlantic Provinces, a public telephone system in Newfoundland, and hotels in St. John's, Halifax and Moncton, CN's stake in the prosperity of the Atlantic Provinces is clear. And now under construction in Nova Scotia is the final link in CN's transcontinental microwave network.

CN operates more than 20 ferries and coastal vessels for the federal Ministry of Transport, linking Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Maine, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and serving scores of outposts along the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador.

In one year, CN's dockyard in St. John's, Nfld. repaired a total of 258 vessels.

By the way, CN is one of the biggest customers for locally made products. In the past three years, CN has bought over

CN and the Atlantic provinces...together.

\$55 million worth of rail and track supplies, and more than \$77 million worth of freight cars. In addition, CN spends over \$30 million a year on day-to-day operating needs, and in 1973 spent more than \$20 million on capital works to improve facilities throughout the region. As one of the major employers in the Atlantic region, CN's total annual payroll to its 16,400 employees is in excess of \$150 million.

CN is a big taxpayer. CN pays out more than \$3.25 million annually to local and provincial governments in the Atlantic Provinces.

So, on our own or in partnership with others, CN's activity in the Atlantic Provinces is constantly expanding and diversifying. Because our return on investment is tied in with the economic progress of the region, we are growth-oriented, interested in attracting and serving new industry, and playing a positive role in the marketing and distribution systems of Atlantic business. And we promote CN Atlantic Provinces' facilities, especially the import-export facilities, in many countries around the world.

All these facts and figures show the importance of CN to the Atlantic Provinces, and their importance to CN. It's a very active partnership, and we think it has a promising future for all partners.



We want you to know more about us.

Notice anything different?



A new decanter bottle... looks great doesn't it?

A new label... textured, with the feel of real leather. Just a small indication of the sort of quality we put into Premium.

Notice the words, SPECIAL MILD... they tell a lot about what's inside.

Premium Canadian Rye Whisky... the only Canadian Rye that's made from all rye grain. And Batch Distilled in the old fashioned way to give you the smoothest taste you can get in a whisky.

ALBERTA PREMIUM

POLITICS / WALTER STEWART

Mid-term marks from the school on the hill

Right about now, the second session of Canada's twenty-fourth parliament, which many of us never expected to see, is turning from expensive idle dreams to palpable reality. Simultaneously, in quiet homes across the land, parents, having viewed their children's first report cards of the academic year, are asking themselves, Where Did We Go Wrong? This seems a terrible thing, then, to draw up a report card covering the first, or 1975, session of the current parliament.

It was, by and large, a surprisingly successful — though noisy — session, and produced a number of major legislative achievements. We had an improved foreign investment act, tax cuts, pension hikes, a new family allowances plan, major amendments to housing legislation, a clear commitment to bilingualism in the public service and the beginning, at least, of a rational energy policy. There was a preliminary showdown on the issue of capital punishment, with a current suggestion (which brushes hangings for all but the slayers of politicians

and prison guards) standing for another five years, and another showdown on voting legislation, where failure is still uncertain. We saw a Food Price Trade Committee and a Food Price Review Board both being down the road after the villains who push up the cost of staying alive both returned battered and empty-handed. We had adventures, and misadventures, abroad — in Vietnam, the Middle East and Africa. Although the economy sizzled in the session drew on, the government managed to shift the blame onto the energy crisis (which developed after the oil shock), a sleight-of-hand that brought pipes of admiration from The Amazing Kroger.

Because this parliament is governed by a minority Liberal administration, there were a number of occasions on which a government defeat and an election seemed imminent. The threat kept the MPs on hand more than they are used to or enjoy, and kept more of them sane than usual. They were certainly brought to attention, when parliament was needed by an angry mob of railway workers, who objected to a government-imposed settlement of their dispute. Some of the workers were arrested, and they pulled out the grunts, punched windows, took a wrong turn on route to the Commons chamber, and wound up in the parliamentary library. This was the first time the Centre Block had been terrorized by a drunken

disorderly, irresponsible mob who had not been elected.

For the Liberals, the session proved once more that they are Canada's most adaptable — or just principled, depending on how you view these things — political party, and they left parliament in far better shape than they or anyone else had expected. For the Conservatives, it was a session of frustration, despite two high points. One came when, during the special session called to end the railway strike, they stumped on railings over the government's economic policies, and turned up a handful of worms, the other occurred during the early days of the energy debate — before the Liberals thoughtfully performed the NDP position — when the government appeared shoken, the Tories teetered and asked for once, behind their leader The Tories expected to finish the year on the government benches; they are disappointed that they did not, but they left the session less divided than when they entered it, whatever comfort that may bring. For the NDP, it was a truly contrary year, in which the party's delight over the power it was able to wield on policy issues turned to pill in the face of criticism for its enervation of compromise with the Liberals. The NDP was rocked by self-doubt in the session itself, and that was something nice to see for a change.

As for the principal given, their report cards follow.

| LIBERAL PARTY: PREMIER | | | LIBERAL PARTY: OPPOSITION | | | LIBERAL PARTY: OPPOSITION | | |
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Primal therapy: finding peace through pain

In one corner of the room a middle-aged man is going through the motions of trying to free his head from between the horns of a cork. In another corner a woman is eagerly telling her father, who died many years ago, an overgrown girl is reliving the pain of her tonsillectomy operation. The room is cluttered as the people in the room sob, scream and cry out in terror and anguish.

They are all patients in the pre-anesthetic stage of primal therapy, a new form of conscious psychotherapy which attempts to rid people of their memories by living them relive their early experiences, that started the healthy development of their personalities. Primal therapy is based on the work of California psychologist Arthur Janus. He has suggested that a child develops primal pain if basic needs such as love, warmth or affection are not met. The feelings and thoughts caused by the primal pain are eventually repressed by the child, but the effects of his experience remain with him for the rest of his life. Since the primal needs can never be met, the person creates symbolic needs and struggles throughout his adult life to achieve them. For example, a child who felt rejected by his father might become an overly attentive, overly obedient employee; one who did not receive love from his mother might overreact in later life in compensation.

Primal therapists believe that patients are only free themselves of their memories by reliving back into their childhood and fully reliving the original traumatic experience. In this way, the patient is able to understand the cause of his problems and the primal pain less much of its potency.

I believe in primal therapy but I also emphasize to anyone who asks me about it that it is not a magic cure. Patients do not improve miraculously overnight; the treatment is long and places heavy demands on both the patient and the therapist. Before I take on a patient, I ask for a thorough biographical outline, with emphasis on his childhood, his parents, his present situation and his future plans. On the basis of these and subsequent interviews I select only about

five people a month for therapy.

The first phase of the therapy consists of pre-anesthetic group sessions. The group is made up of about eight people and they meet twice a week for six to nine months before beginning their intensive therapy. The major part of the pre-anesthetic sessions is spent with the patients lying on mats on the floor and attempting to get in touch with their real feelings. The therapist, his co-therapist or student therapists, move from patient to patient in the semi-darkness. Sometimes they sit near his head, encouraging him to continue or reminding him to speak directly to his mother or father instead of about them.

This type of therapy frequently involves the unclenching of angry feelings and it is not uncommon for patients to find about suddenly with their legs and arms or to hit the floor or the person working with them. Often a person gets so completely carried away by his feelings that he momentarily loses touch with reality. At this point, the therapist holding him down his voice to represent his drunken grandfather who is about to smash him against the wall and he is filled with terror. Either the patient or the therapist may say at any such time "Stop it, I mean it!" This phrase stops all action and protects the patients not only from physical injury but from being pushed psychologically by their therapist beyond their own self-imposed stop signs.

On the average, a patient starts about a year before he can get into intensive therapy. Two days prior to the start of his intensive treatment he is asked to move into a hotel or strange room away from his home. He will stay there for the first week of his therapy. He is not allowed to smoke, drink, eat excessively, take any mood elevating or tranquillizing drugs, read, listen to the radio, watch TV or engage in any activity that might distract him from his own thoughts and emotions. He is encouraged to surround himself with reminders from his past such as pictures of himself and his family, early school reports, any toys he may still have left. Then, the patient finds himself

away from daily routines, living in new surroundings and having virtually nothing to do. This focus has to become aware of the energy there to himself he has been unconsciously avoiding looking at up to now.

For two or three weeks, sometimes less, the patient spends three hours a day, five days a week in intensive therapy. One of the major aims of the therapy is to help a person relive an early personality-shaping experience. When this occurs, he is said to have had a primal. After a primal, the patient often relives fears about himself and gains new insights which will help him achieve significant personality changes.

The following will illustrate some of the memories that are relived during therapy. They are taken from patient diaries.

S. A 25-year-old woman, second session of intensive primal therapy. "Last night I remembered how I had lunch at Aunt Jeanne's while my mother was away. I tried to touch the towels there — maybe her and Julia had dried their towels on them. I used to wipe my fingers on the very edge of the towel. As I remembered this it struck me that I knew then that they each had only one penis. But I had thought that boys had two penises and my boys, Henry and John, had only one and why did I forget? Why all of a sudden did I have such a revelation of penises?"

"Then I saw it clearly. I am at the side of the bed and I catch a glimpse of my father's penis. He has an erection. He wants me to see him, he is calling to me, he wants to do something with me. I've never felt anything so strong, it's like a wire, very deep kind of happiness that came straight up from the center of myself. My daddy, my daddy, you know, you know it was you! It was you! You were dead. It wasn't me. All this time I thought it was me. What a relief! I'm not dead, I'm really not dead."

M. A 45-year-old man, six months of primal therapy. "I want to have something in my mouth. I feel empty inside. I make meaningless noises with my lips. My therapist places a bottle of milk in my mouth. The warm milk

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For some, primal therapy forces working back to the pain and deprivation of infancy

really feels good. I begin to feel warm all over. I want to be in the middle of a room with lots of other babies. I feel very happy and content. I start to giggle. The giggle turns to all-out-convulsing laughter. My whole body feels happy.

Another pain in the group starts laughing. We roll on the floor stroking each other, embrace and continue to laugh for the next few minutes.

Every hour of primal therapy may hold new surprises both for the patient and the therapist. There may be serious but also giggles, memories of being on the loose or memories of being left alone, pain tearing the body apart and feeling content for the very first time.

Some patients need to go back further than others. The majority, if they are in therapy long enough, experience that part of their birth or childhood that is a significant very set up a week back in their psyche; a sort of Adonis heel. For instance, the baby who recently being pushed back into the mother because the operating room was not ready may grow into an adult who always feels held back. Every life experience which falls into this "holding back" category repeats with him more than it does with other infants. During primal therapy, he attunes his development and everything falls into place like a jigsaw puzzle. The patient will then require therapy less and less until it may only hear from him through New Year's cards or the like.

Because of limitations of space, this account of primal therapy is brief. It is difficult to describe through the written word a form of therapy that is totally feeling-oriented. Nonetheless, I hope I have conveyed to you my particular approach. All I can really say at the present time is—this is what I do, it works for me and my patients better and faster than any other form of therapy we have undertaken in the past.

Dr. Thomas Ferro, who is an assistant professor at York University, takes personal interest in his patients' progress. This article is based on an excerpt from the manuscript of his new book, *Beyond Primaling*.

PARADE

If there are any openings in Canada's diplomatic service, Prime Minister Trudeau might do well to consider the image-building powers of Anne Murray, the pretty, blond singer from Springfield, Nova Scotia. After singing to Anne's earnest silence, Danny's

Song, a reviewer for the American week *Newsweek* wrote: "How would this reviewer be so naive to conclude? Let me rephrase to make it a world of completely corrupt and venal governments, the Canadian government is shining and beautiful."

Oh, well, it's better than the days when Nelson Eldy was an angry racist and it was thought that most Canadians lived in igloos.

THE NORTH / G. McCRACKEN

Adding up the heartbreak of a stolen summer

Three hundred miles north of Yellowknife sits Great Bear Lake, straddling the Arctic Circle. In often takes until the second week of July before the last ice surrenders to the sun. But when it does, the water has been well worth it—clear water showing bottom at 30 feet, 35 and 40-year-old lake trout — "lakers" as they are known by the guides — casting into the shallows to make a little summer size into their 75-year-old bodies. It's the true fisherman's paradise.

Out on the lake on Cornwall Island sits Arctic Circle Lodge, an eight-vinyl-old building that might pass for a roadside motel were it not for an obvious lack of highways. It's a fishing lodge, and it was accommodate up to 32 guests at a time, the guests are mostly Americans who pay upwards of \$1,000 a week just to pay for a strike from one of the legendary lakers.

The fishing season lasts six weeks. Each Saturday morning a Twin Otter float up against the growing lines of

the Arctic Lodge dock to discharge a load of frozen lake trout and fly out the previous week's anglers. Summer of '72, the summer I spent there as a guide, about 115 sportsmen stayed at the lodge. Only half were paying guests, though, the rest being friends and associates of the lodge's American owner, Donald Brooks of Black River Falls, Wisconsin.

Brooks, a short, silver-haired man in his late fifties, was seen to Great Bear. He had an agreement to purchase Arctic Lodge outright at the end of the season, since the money from the guests had been collected. For most of his staff of 23 young Canadians — guides, cooks, cleaners and general workers — he went to Canada's Minister's Student Placement office at universities across the country. About half were from Manitoba. No place to spend the money we earned, a few made holidays before we had to report for duty.

It was a fine summer: fresh air, fishing, long hours of daylight, food and friendship. When the season ended we parted to return to school, each with cheques for about \$1,100 in our pockets, more than enough for our first year's university tuition.

But by October, two of the 23 — Janet Edgar, 22, of Winnipeg, and Mike Humphrey, 21, of Hamilton — were found to drop out at school. Their cheques, like all the others, were still bouncing. A payroll of \$25,000 had been written by Brooks on an almost empty bank account.

A sheriff came along that first July and gutted the lodge. It's to be auctioned off by the crown in pay debt — but even that won't cost Brooks anything, since he had no personal stake in it anyway. A Winnipeg lawyer agreed to handle 21 of the cases of the young workers — two told there was "no chance" and didn't



Lodge member Donald Brooks (left) with some non-paying guests on January Cornwall Island.



The Adam's Apple

(A do-it-yourself Smirnoff)

Ever wonder what the apple tasted like that started the whole man/woman thing back in Eden? It's a crumb your everyday Macdonald's is pretty pulled by comparison.

Thinking about that one day, we got this wild idea. If we added an ounce or so of Smirnoff to some good old unadorned apple juice in a tall glass of ice, would thunder shake the earth? Lightning bed? No, actually none of that happened.

We did, however, discover a pretty swell drink. The name, Adam's Apple, is something



of an over-praised, but drink it in the right company and maybe you can make your own thunder and lightning.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.

While
everything
else keeps
going up



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Way down.

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For a monthly fee of \$3.00, Royal Certified Service offers you all the banking services you're likely to need. It eliminates service charges and includes several new conveniences and cash saving benefits.

While you need further about the service benefits of Royal Certified Service, keep a pencil and paper handy. Make a note of the savings you could save on each of the banking services you now use. As for the services you've never used before, you may find them much more attractive now that their costs are covered by the \$3.00 monthly charge.

Don't forget to consider the added conveniences of Royal Certified Service which can't be measured in dollars and cents. Just time saved and problems prevented. When you add it all up, we think you'll find that Royal Certified Service is the best thing that's happened to banking in a long, long time.

Overdraft Protection

Royal Certified Service offers a two-part Overdraft Protection plan to help prevent \$5 to \$8 overdraft and service charges. First, if for any reason you write a cheque which cannot be covered by the balance in your chequing account, it will be honoured up to a \$1,000 overdraw limit. Secondly, although the amount of the overdraft is subject to a monthly interest of 1 1/2%, charges under \$0.50 will be waived. (Some other overdraft protection plans require each withdrawal—in multiples of \$50 from your Cheques account—to cover overdrafts, with interest charged from the date of the overdraft.)

Unlimited Chequing

Write as many personal cheques as you wish without paying the normal \$44 per cheque service charge. If you pay a lot of bills by cheque, the service save could take you enough to offset the \$3.00 monthly charge. **Safe Deposit Box** You will receive a certificate worth \$7.50

to be applied toward the annual rental of a Royal Bank Safe Deposit Box. (Subject to availability and representative unloading services. This benefit is renewed each yearly year.)

Reduced Telephone Personal Loan Rate

You will be entitled to a special reduction on the cost of your loan. Customers with a savings Telephone loan will receive a cash credit equivalent to the reduction in interest, based on the principal and term renewing. Get the details from your Royal Bank Manager.

Personalized Cheques

We'll give you distinctive, special personalized cheques without the usual \$2.00 charge. At no extra cost, these cheques will bear your name, full address and telephone number. If you wish.

Cheque Cashing—Cash to Coast

Special identification will enable you to cash cheques payable at any of more than 1,000 Royal Bank branches. No waiting, no account verification required. (See "Royal Certified Service Card.")

Travelers' Travel Insurance

You and your family will be entitled to a variety of special travel discounts and benefits on Sunlight holidays booked through your travel agent. They include free Sunlight holiday identification protection worth \$5.00 per person, destination bonuses and special holiday packages.

Royal Bank Charges

As a Royal Certified Service customer, you will have a Royal Bank Charges Card. It is an excellent personal money management device. You can take advantage of sales and other special opportunities, and consolidate all of your monthly charges shopping into one simple statement.

"Pay-Forward" Savings Service

On request, we'll supply you with a booklet of "pay forward" cheques for paying money into your Savings Account. If you would like to transfer a regular amount each payday into your Savings Account, we can arrange that too—automatically. No charge for either convenience.

Bill Payments

You can pay telephone, power and other bills which are accepted at your Royal Bank branch, without paying the usual 20%

service charge. By using this service, you will be saving postage on each bill.

No-Charge Travellers' Cheques

We'll waive the usual 1% commission on travellers' cheques for your personal use—no matter as you wish, in any available currency and any Canadian branch of the Royal Bank.

No-Charge Money Orders

You can get personal money orders in any available currency without paying the normal service charge. (\$14 on \$150 or less, \$6.6 on \$151 to \$300). Your amount on U.S. or Sterling money orders may be even larger.

The Royal Certified Service Card

When you become a Royal Certified Service customer, you will receive a very important piece of identification—your Royal Certified Service Card. It will prove that you are personally entitled to the special benefits available. We recommend that you carry this card with you at all times to facilitate the use of these benefits.

How to Apply

Come to any Royal Bank branch and pick up an application form. If you have questions, don't hesitate to ask anyone on our staff. You'll find they're well prepared to help you.



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bother — with the promise that he would change little or nothing if it didn't advance the fan money were successful.

Shortly before the lodge was locked, however, a Yellowknife Crown Attorney, Gerald Troy, decided there was not enough evidence to charge Brooks with any criminal offence. The province, the Crown Attorney said, would be difficult, time consuming and expensive. Besides, he went on, what proof do we have that Brooks did not have sufficient funds in his bank account to cover the charges when they were actually written?

Put simply, Brooks has come out of his northern escapades unscathed. No criminal charges await him in Canada. Sure, the government in Yellowknife has and he will not get anywhere, but all fish do not live in the Northwest Territories.

The past spring Brooks was on trial in his home country for fraud. No conviction resulted, but the story of Giant Bear Lake came out in the press, and when the question of shady dealings came up, Brooks calmly said "I'm perfectly free to go back to Canada any time I wish."

SPORTS / HOWIE MEKLER

We're flunking our hockey finals

Canada is about to suffer the steepest climb to its national peak since Dupee. Unless we do a complete about face in our thinking on the game, our lag reputation as hockey is headed for a long stretch in the future. And this isn't just a political proclamation . . . the clear, unmistakable signs are already here.

European players have reached a skill level equal to or surpassing our own. They can and will adapt their game philosophy to successfully challenge us and will beat us regularly three or four years after developing junior hockey leagues that are comparable to ours.

But the real challenge is going to arrive later — and this may shake you — the good old USA. For years, archaic game rules retarded their progress. American ancestry

and minor leagues played by European rules — no body checking in the stick-end zone. The hockey came out of their own defensive zone unscathed. They could organize their plays without the threat of being hit.

The Americans now play by Canadian rules. Forward on bodycheck while forward defense line back plays (and players) before they cross center ice. Since adapting to Canadian rules they're off and running, and already ahead of us in the nine-to-12 age group, which counts most. Eventually the Yanks could dominate our hockey the same way they rule in football, baseball and most other sports.

Why? Well one reason is that the rules and regulations of minor hockey are not standardized right across the country. Even within some communities there is no uniformity.

But the biggest crime is the talent squeeze — the forced dropouts. Unless a boy has more than average ability at age 16, there is no place for him to play. I get sorry-eyed and when I think of the late-blooming youngsters who have been written off by their parents and communities. They end up in inner gardens while their parents push the kid back into local arenas . . . yes, you little s-o-b's or you'll be too heavy by the time you know what girls are all about.

If those little kids were getting a solid foundation in hockey sense — skating, puck handling and passing — there might be some hope for us. But I'll state flatly right here that nowhere in Canada are qualified people teaching these basic skills on a wide basis. And I'll prove to anyone who cares to consider us that the "local clinics" of the past 10 years, no matter how good, will not improve the quality of skill instruction at the grass roots level.

The country is full of coaches who have a fair idea of how the game should be played, usually portrayed on what they see on Saturday night television. The trouble is, only a fraction of these coaches know anything about teaching the basic skills.

The simple crux of the whole problem is that our coaches are working with boys who — as soon as they are skateable — don't have enough concentration left to think about hockey. If their brains put out 100 watts of thinking power, 95 are absorbed in coordinating the movements of hands, feet and stick. With the five units left they couldn't figure how to get out of the way of an elephant on skates.

The average boy is not teachable until skating, puck handling and passing become as natural as breathing and



Mostly plus a whole lot better than nothing. We need kids only from ages eight to 12. Only then will coaches have people who are ready to learn the game.

It takes a highly specialized coach to teach basic skills. If we don't get them in a hurry our hockey downhill is almost inevitable. What we need now are two things — a national minor hockey philosophy, and a National Sports College.

Our minor hockey philosophy could be administered by the federal government in cooperation with provincial and municipal governments. The object would be to teach basic skills and not game tactics to beginners, to insure that two-year-olds get as good a start as one hour for recreational hockey, and to remove violence from all senior hockey.

To develop and sustain this philosophy (and to make our legislators put their money where their mouths are) we must establish the National Sports College. It should graduate coaches and teachers skilled not only in hockey but all other sports. They would be permanently attached to minor hockey systems to teach the coaches how to develop their players' skills on a continuing basis.

Expense, yes. But how about the savings in private detention and rehabilitation facilities?

Permeant, qualified leadership for all minor hockey in the country, to teach the boys how to teach. Is the only answer to keeping our supremacy in the game and breaking it in some other sport. Without it I predict that in 10 or 15 years our professional teams will have copied the Canadian football league and put a quota on American players.

Howie Mekler, a former NHL player and coach, now coaches minor hockey in Newfoundland.

Bigger bites back

I am writing this on behalf of our towns Bigger. I want anyone coming to our towns and eating ridicule to get her negative point across. We have a positive and progressive towns and shall continue to work towards that end in spite of Heather Robertson's writings — Great roots (October).

Bigger is not "liquished together," as Ms. Robertson says. It is a well planned, spacious town, with a town council whose planning has kept it from sprawling better-wishes over the landscape. It has wide, deserted streets lined with trees. The afraid Heather Robertson must have closed her eyes when she was in the residential area of Bigger. Grounds for business section has small lots but only to make it convenient for the shoppers. And the newest building on Main Street is not the post office — there have been at least four new buildings built in this area since 1955.

I disagree wholeheartedly with her description of "the best-stere league (The Eldon Hotel)." We have had such men as M. J. Caldwell and Woodrow Lloyd to represent in parliament, and in 1969 four men from Bigger held executive positions in their respective associations: pharmacy, business, urban administration and publishing. How many towns of our size can boast of this feat? I know that their decisions were not — repeat, were not — made in the Eldon Hotel.

Bigger as a town is no different than numerous other small towns scattered across our country who have attracted and attracted citizens keeping our "main street" well and healthy so that we shall continue to have solid roots to keep building a strong foundation for our beloved

Canada. I am getting sick and tired of reading articles written by people like Heather Robertson who keep putting us down.

ANNE MACRO, KESWICK, BARK
CO-EDUCED BY TOWN COUNCIL, MAYOR
JOE PRESIDENT, ELIAS PRESIDENT,
LEGION PRESIDENT, LEGION VICE-LARY
PRESIDENT, RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION
CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF TRADE CHAIR-
MAN, SCHOOL UNIT CHAIRMAN, LIONS
PRESIDENT, U.T.U. PRESIDENT.

I have lived in cities and small towns all the periods and know the joy and fulness of life that can be experienced in these small towns that Heather Robertson finds only dull, drab and dring.

Did she walk down the muddy road past the looming clematis and fall in the beauty around her as real as she was looking at a visit part in the food production for millions of people?

Did she visit the crying rink where all ages compete during the long cold winter while streetwise friends and relatives watch from "behind the glass"?

Did she attend an outdoor hockey game in zero temperature, where cold but loyal spectators cheer the home-town team? Or watch a football game played on the open prairie with the wind of rain, sun and hail to be seen blowing across the field?

I sigh for Heather Robertson, who failed her objective, and I sigh for you, Peter Newman, who came from a country ruled for an innumerable and warlike people and, I presume, hoped to find a similar depth of pride and national feeling in your new home.

These qualities are still here, in the very towns Ms. Robertson describes, but they can be lost if the cynicism and ridicule of a small group that think they represent the young and

modern concept are encouraged to publicly denigrate any large status of our people. This time it was the "small town" she blew out of her nostrils of our country. Next time, who of what aspect of Canadian life will be shattered by the same prejudicial, unseeing reporting, that seems to actually hope to erase that deep well of national feeling that will live in Canada — once in Bigger, Saskatchewan?

ANNABEL BAKER, VICTORIA

I have never read such garbage. The old part of Bigger may be crowded together, but there are many many new houses, newly laid out by town planners. There is a hospital and excellent new schools and many lovely churches.

I have worked with the ladies of Bigger United Church in our Presbyterian, United Church Women and I have never known them to sit silently when asked their opinion on house or world affairs. It is a bleak town in November. Why didn't you come at Christmas time when it would have been lovely with snow and lights? What does Winnipeg look like late in the fall?

I think you were lead down the garden path by those railroads and the famous too, AND you fell for it all.

Shame, shame on you, Heather
MISS MARY M. BORDICE,
COLEVILLE, BARK

Heart in the highland

I have not read anything as juicy that stirred and thrilled me as Hugh MacLennan's article, *Saskatchewan's Case, Canada's Shame* (October). This is a real rallying cry and needs to be heard by our citizens as well as the general public. It also stirred wholeheartedly with his praise of our Prince Maurice Trudeau.

I should like to see Hugh MacLennan visit a cross-Canada speaking tour to awaken all of us to his message. Such a tour would move wide publicity, and we might just have gone enough to stand up on our two legs and say "this far and no further!"
ELISE M. MACLELLAN, PROCTOR, BC

Hugh MacLennan's article surely must rank far above average not only as a masterly and well-written commentary on good sense and economic realities vis-à-vis the U.S.A., but also must rate as the most timely and provocative article on our contemporary values with this self-aware reporter neighbor.

I recommend this timely warning lamp is this fine article to all thinking Canadians that love their country



You won't be stunned by New Zealand's fjords.
Not after you've seen
New Zealand's alps, glaciers, geysers,
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FRED NEHRANDT, SEED, SAGE

L'Arche support

The article and photographs by John Reeson on L'Arche were both informing and inspiring. *Encountering the mentally wounded* (December). As one of the towering giants of a young man who must spend his life in a distant institution, I fervently hope we'll soon have more L'Arches here. That would put my "merry killing" business to rest.

John Reeson also made me feel that I now know and love the Vatican and I have a hunch that your introduction of them on the cover to the seats of *Today's World* would make them very uncomfortable.

MR. JACQUELINE WHITE, TORONTO

Nuts and bolts

Frank Burrows — *A notebook from an even master* (December) — has a precious way of looking at and writing about life. I had the uncomfortable feelings of envy and respect for him. I felt as if I were an over-educated dog with an underdeveloped use in my hands.

ZIGMUND BUCHHEIT, ATLANTA, GINT

I've got a secret

Thank you for maintaining high standards of journalism no constraint by I enjoyed Stephen Leopold's *Inside the Winnipeg Insiders* (December). The writer obviously demonstrates qualities needed in Canadian politics today: a high degree of analgesia, inhibition and perspective.

JOAN MACLEAM, WILSON

God save the queen

Jane Caldwell deserves highest praise for her remarkable *For Winter Supper* in September's issue of *Maclean's*. The average and avid readers alike, I am sure, appreciated this splendid presentation of Her Majesty's visit to Canada.

WILLIAM E. TUCKER, MIDDLEBORO, MA

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO *Maclean's* MAGAZINE, Two FIVE, 681 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.

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THE COLD FACTS

SORTING OUT CANADA'S ENERGY EQUATION: A SPECIAL REPORT

BY JOHN AITKEN

Canada's energy crisis has put us through an emotional winter this winter. Welcome to the best distressed with some of the most difficult economic problems a nation can face in peacetime: gasoline rationing, regional allocation of home heating oil, shortages of heavily discounted products ranging from home insulation to ball-point pens, massive unemployment and spiraling inflation, even the prospect of shivering in front of living-room fireplaces, for those lucky enough to have them and wood to burn in them (at a cost of \$105 a cord in some areas). The stock market has sagged. General Motors temporarily shut down its entire big car production line in its Ontario plant. We are along with the United States and Europe, reeling from a series of blows we haven't fully comprehended. There is talk of economic recession, even — *God forbid* — depression.

Yet Canada's so-called energy crisis despite some very real threats, is in many ways a myth, created by peacock politics, stage handovers, and a government's ordinary grown complacent in these last several prosperous years. It has become in a few short months the most which has politicians on all sides of the House of Commons spooling for a fight.

Confusion, indignation. How is it — and why is it — that

we have come to this crisis in energy when just a few years ago our main concern was that the Americans might not buy our oil as rapidly as we could pump it out of the ground? If oil is as weak their supply, how come we're still exporting 1.4 million barrels of a per day to the U.S.? Only a few months ago Finance Minister John Turner was boasting that this is a 175% boost over the previous year.

Trying to deal the answer to such questions from politicians, bureaucrats, academics and industry executives is like holding up a word in the dictionary and having to look up all the words used in the definition as well. Or asking a store and being shocked through six depart-

ments before you determine they're out of what you wanted. Well, after weeks of such misadventure I've come to these conclusions:

— We have in Canada enough fossil fuels to last us more than 100 years. There is no shortage of fossil fuels here, although there most certainly is a shortage of oil south of the border. Canada's main lie in our failure to develop resources and refining facilities sufficient to get our vast reserves of oil and natural gas to market, particularly our own market, in usable form. It is the Americans who have the energy crisis, and they are depending on us to help them weather it, and so do without thought for our own needs.

— We can't save the Americans from their energy crisis, nor can we even help them very much. We're just out in the same league. Our entire production of conventional crude oil, including all our known or proven western reserves (which stand at roughly nine billion barrels) would stretch the American demand for oil for 20 months at best.

— As a result of our failure to build pipelines and refineries to bring oil out to Quebec and the Maritimes, these provinces and to some extent Ontario will have fuel shortages at least until the early 1980s and probably longer. Professor F. K.

OIL IN-OIL OUT

We produce: 2.1 million bbls. per day
We consume: 1.6 million bbls. per day
We export: 1.4 million bbls. per day
We import: 0.8 million bbls. per day



North, a professor of sociology at the University of Carleton University, describes the situation with devastating clarity. "We may have resources for 100 years," he says, "but by the late 1970s, and until the late 1980s, we'll be miserably cold."

Part of our problem can be blamed on the shortcomings of the last three federal governments, and part on the National Energy Board, whose staff of 250 technocrats and other workers was supposed to prevent exactly such a predicament. But by far the largest portion of blame is reserved in the basic consciousness of Canada's geography. Canada sprawls from east to west across a continent whose energy / continued on page 34

FUELING THE FEUD

PETER LOUGHEED

DON MACDONALD



"It is our duty to seek fair prices for Alberta's non-renewable resources. Unity depends on fair deals for Canadians."

There is a certain irony even for me, a converted federalist at my life in the complexities being leveled at any government complaints that Alberta's energy policy is selfish and divisive and that we don't care what happens to the rest of Canada. In fact, we care very much what happens to all of Canada. We just don't happen to require all of Canada with Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

Alberta's energy policy is based on two underlying principles. The first is that we must make the best possible use of our valuable non-renewable resources for the sake of all Canadians. The second is that a stronger, more diversified, more self-sufficient West will help not hinder Canadian unity.

These principles complement each other. If we are to make intelligent use of our resources, we must obtain fair value in price and in jobs, fair entry to market of our energy and our natural gas, no pipeline. This is not only our right, but our duty. After all, natural resources belong to the people of each province — not to the government, which is merely the trustee. This people of Alberta have no wish to see their gas and oil sold away at bargain basement prices to power the industrial states which sell us finished products at rates based on market prices, at higher if produced by itself. When we seek — and we do — to be self-sufficient, it is that the energy debate is all about — is that Alberta gas and oil energy rights right here in Alberta. Resources mean jobs — jobs in construction, jobs in the oil and gas fields, jobs in petrochemicals, plastics and other allied industries, and jobs in plants of various kinds that depend on cheap and secure supplies of energy.

Alberta studies the energy for a number of years, that more of its resources should be used to provide jobs for people within this province, rather than being exported in crude form and brought back in finished goods.

Our concern that British Columbia should sell its lumber at artificially low prices to benefit Ontario homebuilders — indeed, the people of British Columbia would object strenuously to any such arrangement — but lumber is a renewable resource, while petroleum is not. I have not heard of any Ontario proposals to cut the oil of Ontario — on which so much of western agriculture depends — to domestic needs. Indeed, the further Commission found that we were paying more, not less, than world prices for these supplies. And if Quebec textile manufacturers are about to lower their prices to westerners in return for the artificially low prices the East pays for our feed grains, well, would their government has not reached Edmonton yet.

If other regions of Canada are able to obtain fair market value for goods that can be easily replaced, Alberta is rightly entitled to ask for the same in regard to the sale of resources which, once depleted, can never be renewed.

World prices for energy, particularly oil, have risen sharply in recent months. I gather the council of ministers against Alberta is that we agree to be buying to take advantage of the Arab oil states against play which it is covered on page 42

"A continued supply of clean energy at reasonable cost is fundamental to Ottawa's ambitions for Canadians."

The continued assurance of a supply of clean energy at a reasonable cost is fundamental to the ambitions that the federal government has for all Canadians.

Whatever the national goals may be — higher and more fairly distributed standards of living, better transportation, more effective interprovincial or any number of other aims — it is essential to have power available to attempt to achieve these ends. We do not develop energy sources for themselves but for the simple fact that we cannot realize our other hopes without them.

The energy studies tabled in parliament in June — *An Energy Policy for Canada*, Phase I pointed this up. "Energy resources and industries energy at every point in Canadian life. Policy decisions have widespread and often unexpected impacts as they reverberate through the complexity of economic and social structures."

In its energy policy, Canada stands at a crossroads. The energy of the future, Canada has had the advantage of being a source of major energy development decisions compatible to those advanced in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Then it was the development of oil and natural gas (thereby displacing our dependence on costly the construction of major transnational pipelines), the rethinking on a major program of exploration and development of the oil and gas and the beginning of the development of the Canadian nuclear reactor.

Now we have decisions to make on major projects systems from the Arctic exploration program in the north and east coast, from the major hydroelectric development in the lower St. Lawrence River in Labrador, James Bay in Quebec, and the lower Nelson in Manitoba.

The development process in the 1960s is significantly different from that of the 1950s. Now we have in our community both giant gas plants to carry on their plant and a more critical public opinion about the development.

In terms of the strengths, Canadian engineering has led in the two decades of experience in assessing, and indeed improving on the techniques for resource development. Where in the 1950s many of the skills to carry out the projects were exported, in the 1960s these skills are to be found in Canada. In the same way the Canadian financial system has broadened its base and deepened its skills. Now the Canadian financial community can undertake projects that in the 1950s even Wall Street would have approached with alarm.

As to the more critical public opinion, the Canadians of the 1960s are far less willing to accept development for the sake of the sake of wealth, in the decade the community is seeking increasing recognition about the rights and needs of people, environmental impact, Canadian participation, and the quality as well as the quantity of jobs created. The public also questions the economic consequences of major resource developments, their effect on balance of payments, the capital funds and technology manufacturing.

The problem that arises whenever it continued on page 43

THE GREAT PIPELINE DEBATE

W.P. WILDER

ERIC KIERANS



"Canada must have access to the Mackenzie Delta gas reserves to ensure supplies before the end of the decade."

What price nationalism?

Canada and the United States both must consider this question in the present energy quest for assurance of energy supplies. Never before has the need for ample indigenous supplies of energy seemed more starkly apparent on the subject of Canadian security, Canada's comfort, Canadian economic well-being.

One of two nations which share the major portion of North America, faced to pursue uncoordinated and uncooperative policies, even when it is clearly only in our best interests to do so. In addition to the additional energy requirements we are prepared to make for the sake of following completely independent courses? On top of already skyrocketing energy costs, what additional pressures are we prepared to pay for our individual fuel costs? Can we tolerate delays and lost benefits that will compound present shortages in domestic energy shortages? A basic question is whether we should pay to achieve energy self-sufficiency through the use of the resources of both nations. After spending four years and \$30 million, we conclude that they would not.

Natural gas provides one third of all the energy consumed in the United States. In Canada, it provides one quarter of our energy needs. More than coal, oil and nuclear power combined, it will remain one of the most important components of our energy supplies for several more decades.

Virtually all of the natural gas we use in Canada is provided by the four western provinces, principally Alberta. Reserves here will not be exhausted for many decades. But because of the Soviet Union, the rate of western gas production will have peaked and started a gradual decline by 1990 we will need a source of supplementary natural gas supplies if we are to satisfy our own requirements and provide the limited supplies which have previously been introduced by the government of Canada for export to the U.S.

The most immediate prospect for a supplementary supply is in the Northwest Territories and Yukon where, according to the Geological Survey of Canada, the potential reserves are almost as great as those of the western provinces. Even larger long-term potential gas reserves lie offshore from the Atlantic coast and in the Arctic (shallow). The major portion of this potential potential gas is in the Mackenzie Delta region where the natural gas of exploration has established significant reserves.

The United States also has a large northern gas supply in the form of natural gas west of the delta on the North Slope of Alaska. The recent discovery of an Alaska account for nearly 10% of proven U.S. natural gas reserves.

Canada would have access to its Mackenzie Delta gas reserves to ensure adequate supplies before the end of the decade. The United States needs access to its Alaskan North Slope gas to help alleviate present energy supply shortages. Such a deal would be met by the proposed \$5.5 billion Arctic Gas pipeline, which it continued on page 44

build more pipelines to export more oil and gas now? Tell us your children? Or, better, ask them what they think of a Canada that gives away its gifts of energy for a mere of pennies about (last-better) reserves and sales-price has although. As such, if they are brought into the decision-making process now, we might be spared the bitterness of their disillusionment as they survey a Canada intensely poorer than it is at the present moment.

Professor Charles F. Kindleberger in *American Business Abroad* wrote that "the nationalism is just about through in an unstable area." The thesis presents a view of the world in which the "national" decisions, relating mainly to investment and hence output and employment, will be made by a few hundred international corporations. The governments which are elected must not only accept their fate and work on the premises and needs of their peoples within that framework. The thesis does not, however, particularly, because it knows that it is not going to happen. The Arab states are excellent examples of nations that are not going to accept the role assigned to them by the international oil companies, for suppliers of new energy to fuel the extravagant growth and affluence of the industrialized world. What does bother me is that 30 years before Professor Kindleberger wrote his book, Ottawa had already accepted the thesis that growth does not develop itself within, for a nation as for the individual, but can be confirmed from without like a kind of honorary degree. (As a result) no other nation in the world is so dependent for its growth on foreign investment and international corporations as Canada. We are where we are, not because they have done as we do but because the Department of Finance in Ottawa has in its economic wisdom, always believed that this is where we should be. They still do. Canadians apparently have not the entrepreneurial ability against and resources to order their own affairs. How would they know if Canadian have not been put to the test?

The Mackenzie Valley pipeline is another example of our need to resources program. Canadians build the roads. Others take the resources. The Canadian Gas Act Study Limited was not formed to get Canadian a stake in the controversial oil and gas resources. It was formed to build a better pipeline facility so that those international companies which have been given full and complete control of our petroleum wealth in the Mackenzie Delta by the federal government can step out the gas that American consumers need today at the expense and to the detriment of Canadian requirements in the Eighties.

Canada is asked for its sophisticated networks of highways, highways and pipelines built in large measure to accelerate the movement of our raw wealth to all corners of the globe. The Arctic gas pipeline is just another such facility. Canadians who invest in it will probably get their money back and interest. But the funds are possible in a remote, far-off, isolated area. it continued on page 44

At the Heart of a Loss

BY BETTY JANE WYLIE

Coming to grips with the sudden, simple tragedy of widowhood

A year ago I thought that all I needed to make my happiness complete was (a) to have more time to write and (b) to be thinner. Both desires were granted to me in a way I never dreamed. My husband died suddenly in April of a brain aneurysm that still baffles me. Now, suddenly, I have all the time in the world, for husbands are very time-consuming creatures, bless them. Suddenly there is no need to make me busy, so make me drop everything and sit down for coffee, a drink, a chat. I have as much time as I need, so I am writing a lot.

As for the unwanted weight, no problem. For weeks my (thrive) consisted at the thought of food and I could only swallow liquids. This was more effective than any diet I had ever tried and the pounds fell away. "How frighteningly few are the passions whose death would spoil our appetite and make the world seem empty," says the San Francisco philosopher Eric Hoffer, and it's a good thing. I wouldn't wish this on anyone.

"Oh, you're getting so much thinner," a friend said a month or so after my husband died. "I envy you so, Don't."

"Widowhood and widowhood are very similar," said a friend who has been separated from her husband for five years, "but widowhood is more respectable than divorce or separation." Maybe, but who is going to laugh the first? As least with divorce, further communication is still theoretically possible; in a real sense, widowhood reduces one to monologue. Hence I turn to paper. Paper is my friend.

"Ah, but you're strong," people say. "You'll survive." If I've ever remembered, I'm going to come back from marriage. In the meantime, they're right. I am strong. One of the riches that happens to be true, because I have this other friend called God without Whom I am nothing. The harder I lean on Him, the more I pray, the more I am open, as in proportion do I give support, comfort, and strength. A friend of mine was at the hospital for a cracked vertebrae and she was suffering muscle spasms. She was told not to fight them, to ride with them around, and let the spasm run its course. So with the pain of parking, I must open my heart and let the pain come off the way in—and let my pain go until it comes out the other side. Then I'll be—entirely again, but healed. I do not rage, I do not question. I praise God and thank Him and ask for help. And it gets it.

The sympathy card caused some laughter, more

like hostile hysteria, but one welcomed the release. The children made up a composite letter expressing the well-meaning phrases that people offered like postcards to stretch one's words.

"Words are inadequate to convey to you my feelings. Your memories/children/fish will be a great source of comfort. Your/your family/your faith will be a source of strength. Time will heal the pain. Please accept my condolences/sympathy/prayers." I do. I do. I'll take anything you have to offer. I look at it up like a sponge. All the children are amazingly true. One of my daughters tested at the top of sympathy cards and concurred that it was just like Christmas, that we should get what it meant to give them to and hang them as the well as bright banners. And then women would say, "My aunt's year is sympathy cards party!" Hysteria.

No one ever says *do* about death. My husband was taken, is gone, passed away. Somehow it makes him seem like a traveling salesman or a crash-tester. Death is such a taboo in our society, the last taboo. It's the consummate expression of all that is lost. I love my husband. What can I have been thinking of, to let him slip away from me like that? Actually, I was thinking we had at least another 20 years together. But I never saw it as wrong, it was just guaranteed. Nothing is.

In the Bible there is as well as in the theme of the silent movie *Chinatown* is always doling out. "I'll never leave you never!" and then he drops out of sight through a window on the stage. Once he is gone, a lot of people prefer not to talk about how they feel. I'll go the other way. Like the end being pulled out of a self-healing tree, the hole fills in and you wouldn't know the end had been there, now, would you? Some people look distinctly uncomfortable when I talk about Bill. Bill who?

Others, trying to comfort, tell me all the hard-luck stories they can think of. I think they save these up. Therefore it, you're not the only one who's suffering. I know that. I don't have a corner on pain, nor do I want it. I'm having enough trouble handling the small ones I have.

It's as if I were sick, as if I were recuperating from a long illness. People kept asking me, "How are you?" and giving me penetrating looks. They were right, of course. I was sick. What it was was a suspension. I still had this gaping wound. I was walking around with and they were quite right to ask me how I was. That was, I was. / continued on page 42



Rocks of All Ages

BY JACK LUDWIG

Pappy Wood's family curling through three generations

What actually qualifies as Canada's National Sport won't be settled in their paper, though the evidence is certainly all here. *Learners can claim the master book, hockey has the fan power. But to be honest with a spine it should be the participants who matter most. Curling claims to have 850,000—claim it as every 27 Canadians. Its popularity is still growing but even now it probably comes closest to being our true national sport.* In this article, reporter Jack Ludwig analyzes the history, present state and drama of this game for all ages. On pages 24 and 25, curling's great master, Ernie Richardson, discusses strategy and the art of building and maintaining a winning rink.

As the other end of the ice sheet the slim erect man in the green sweater tapped a curling stone with his broom, then carefully set the broom as a target for his "third" as my end. Barely stooping, the "third" released his rock in an old-fashioned short slide. On another sheet, not part of the day's draw, a boy of about 17, in a regally purple pullover-sweater, with hair longer than a 19th-century lang, sent practice rocks the length of the ice. He started erect, but then, before release, flexed out the broom hand, switched almost 60 degrees, his face close to the ice. When he let his rock go he continued to slide in that first-broomer's last-gap stretch pose, up to, and past, the boy last. Just before standing up he looked as if he were trying to emulate a glider plane. When he had delivered his last practice rock he stood up and slid the length of the ice on one foot, padding with the other as if he were on a skateboard.

One two or three other slabs young men differentiated

themselves from the older in equally distinctive ways.

Thirty-five was the benchmark, roughly. Those under 18 released their rocks with the flashy slide of the young rule in purple; they chased after their rocks to stand a shot's face, and moved with that same scooter-paddling-propelling motion used by the younger boys. Their curling brooms were different from the older men's, and the demurely skated corn broom that looked like a broomstick, unlabeled Hunter straw doll, that synthetic jock known as "rock sole," abstract variations of brooms that boomed and slapped the ice in direction from the one broom that no matter how hard a stretch never could hide the soft thumping, an equivalent.

The slim erect man who had been discussing his third's shot shuffled on his rubbers toward my end to deliver his last rock. His third—his vice-skip—patted the opponent's shot rock to remind the skip what had to be done. This opponent was lying there. The skip would have to draw into the house behind the opponent's shot rock, and use the shot rock as its own guard. Proudly stooping over, the skip pulled up his 40-pound stone, carefully brushed its surface side with his corn broom, waved at his third to give him extra ice, waited for the broom target to put itself into the exactly right position, then took off his left ice rubber, and stepped into the back.

Just slightly bent over he drew back his stone and launched it, himself, and his peeping broom toward the target. He let the stone go long before reaching the hog line. His short slide stopped well on the far side of the hog. He strewned up unceremoniously, took off as a leaping shuffler halfway to the house, peering through slightly steamed glasses at the third's

smooth glide. Even so, as if carving gently on a steel track, his own-erupt in clear closer to the other side's standing draw. He held his hand up to make sure his side did an sweeping. At the last second, he and his third called for a little broom, the third sweeping close to the shot rock, the "second" weaving a path for the moving stone. Suddenly the sweeping was called off. The stone, barely moving, curled a gentle cone-shaped wave turn, like a sandball in kinetic swirling the change from 3 p.m. to about 1 p.m.

It was a perfect shot. About a quarter inch of stone showed from behind what had once been the shot rock. Behind the new shot rock was another stone, which meant that a raise, or a takeout shot, was useless. Only a perfectly placed rock could do the job. Great the other side took, and did right through the house. This gave the skip more than a chance to lay another guard seven feet in front of the house, blocking the only path to his shot rock. The opposing skip tried to get by, but he the guard which slammed into the house, knocking out two of his own rocks, but not disturbing the winning stone.

If this had been a final final, or the last end of the rally, the skip to the World's Curling Championship, the Silver Broom, a crowd of thousands would have been on its feet to salute the great shot with curling headlines, even as public as thousands applaud. The skin erect man had heard such applause dozens of times in his curling life. But this was his first. It would even a first league match. It was not an informal. On Saturday afternoon six between two weeks from Winnipeg's Granite Club. I watched the man curl, joined for his two great shots, by the boy with long hair.

After in the week the skin erect man had received a telegram from the Granite Club of Toronto people. They had wanted every list of information he could provide about his curling—starting, of course, with the astounding string of 65 consecutive championship honours he had participated in. A year ago, Manitoba's Lieutenant-Governor, W. John McCreagh, had chosen a huge reception to honor this man in Winnipeg. He was known as Pappy Wood. In the Granite Club of Toronto, his most formal stone was registered: Howard Wood, Sr. And the boy with the long hair who stood beside me, wearing the expert delivery, was also a Wood, Kerg, Pappy's grandson. Later that afternoon, Howard Jr., another outstanding curler, teamed up at the Granite Club. He came from attending a funeral. His "third," unnamed, had died. His son, Howard III, was out on the ice, not still curling, playing dead on a rink skipped by a doctor. Ronnie Bissenden, whose flashy delivery Kerg Wood was occasionally, or occasionally, following in his practice shoes.

In 15, perhaps 20, years, curling had gone through a great revolution which the disparate styles, stones and equipment of the two generations—stone, four stones—demonstrated. Once curling had been a sport on a par with lawn bowling.

All sense, and artificial ice, modern, made curling the sport that came in out of the world. Flares no longer had to melt through huge snowdrifts, dug out around the entrance to the only covered curling club. No longer did one have to risk freezing hands, feet, noses, cheeks—to mention the most obvious victims killed—or run between ends to huddle around the one ported stone vainly trying to throw last into a small unassailable clubhouse. Highways changed curling too. Roads now left natural ice slabs isolated, abandoned by players who could drive in on two or four fairly clear paved surfaces to the nearest artificial ice house and fixy cocktail bar. Like the concept of a central school district, the artificial ice center became the servant of greater and greater concentrations of rural population.

Competitive sharpened. Regional champions were more rarely and more quickly decided. Before long the final, side championship companies before the war had made. The making of the final was still Canada's greatest prize (the international Silver Broom, from the viewpoint of leaders, was simply an anticlimax). But cash prizes and car prizes and prize points (prizes TV prizes, Free Cup prizes turned up all over the country—and in the U.S.A. and in Europe).

Lawn bowling was left behind. One couldn't capture of Keweenaw Wood playing a game of bowls. Not any of the other under 15 saw at the Granite Club that Saturday afternoon in October.

The commercial explosion of curling was no better illustrated than in the proliferation of equipment and uniforms. I could see in the rink. The older players were dressed in what the Pappy Wood—in jumbo-ink contraptions, suit trousers, ties, ice rubbers. Almost everything could be worn on the street—even the old-fashioned green Granite Club sweaters covered with badges and crests. But the younger players wore sweaters and shoes so soft for street wear as hockey uniforms or skis boots. To be stylish, and to resist paid curling sweaters, one had to put one's own money into dress and costume. Club spels and car spels demanded a certain showmanship, and, as everyone knows showmanship to sports is involved as matching shoes, marching, and banners. To most promote the official pugon in the Olympic parade. Curlers now are being pushed by promoters of better recognition. Which means curling teams must march out onto the ice carrying flags and club banners, wearing / continued on page 63



Draw Shots and Takeouts

BY MARK MULVOY

Ernie Richardson's family: curing as it should be

Putting together a winning team in any sport takes considerable time and a great deal of patience. Molding different personalities, different temperaments and different skills into a smoothly functioning unit is something that can hardly be done overnight. As Ernie Richardson says, "You can take the four best curlers in the world, put them together and yet have one of the worst teams imaginable. The best curling rocks consist of a delicate blend of all the finer points of the game. For instance, you don't want a team composed of four players expert at draw shots but weak on takeouts. Finding five compatible curlers is not easy, believe me."

One of the best rockers ever put together was the famed Richardson Rock. Ernie Richardson was the skip, Ernie's cousin, Arnold, was the third or the vice-skip, his brother Garnett was the second; his cousin Wes was the lead. The Richardson team won Mackinac Island (Canadian championships) at five years — an incredible accomplishment. They also won four Scotch Caps (international championships), six provincial championships, a Masters title and a Tournament of Champions. And Ernie Richardson adds: "There's no telling how many cash spots we won during those years."

Let Ernie describe how the Richardson Rock operated: "We ate, slept and thought curling 24 hours a day. We decided to get serious about the game, so we sacrificed our free time and took off from work to play in as many tournaments as we could. We really had the perfect team. Four guys who thought alike. Garnett — we all call him Sam — was the hotter guy on the team. When things were not going so well and we were

down in a game, Sam would cheer us up with his comments. He was also our best sweeper. Wes was a good sweeper too. Now Arnold was the quiet man. He never said anything. I don't think he even knows the meaning of the word "argue." He was the silent third or vice-skip. Once we made the commitment to compete everywhere, we curled four and five hours a day. We'd practice at the rink on the way home from work and we curled every morning when we weren't working. It all paid off."

Basically, according to the Richardson formula, the makeup of a rock should follow a strategic design. The lead should be able to make draw shots with great consistency. He does not have to be a strong takeout player, but if he can play to the right fairly well, this tactic keeps the opposition on the defensive. The lead should be a strong sweeper, so he needs to be in a really good physical shape, because as curling competitors he might have to sweep four or five games in one day.

The third must be a get-hater and also a strong sweeper. Richardson explains: "He should always be able to come up with a double if the lead happens to miss that shot, that is, he should be able to take out one rock and then roll over and take out the other. So the second must be able to play the freeze shot — under the lead."

The third must be able to play the first shot. "The vice-skip," Richardson explains, "actually has to be able to play the same shots as the skip — only he does not throw last. Skip takes missed shots, draw shots around guards, takeout shots — everything." As vice-skip, he also has to know the set as well as the skip himself. While the third does not necessarily have to

be a good sweeper, he needs to be able to judge the weight of incoming stones so that he can make the sweep.

The skip has to be able to play every shot in the book, and also know when to call them. Richardson goes on to say: "We must have great draw weight — that is, his draw shots have to be strong enough to go in game two, three or four stones in order to save a point or set the line for his team." He has to praise and encourage his players to keep their morale and confidence high and he must have a good disposition and an even temper. "I learned very early in my curling career that the skip has to take the good with the bad," Richardson recalls. But the most important quality a skip must have is the ability to play under pressure. Your game inevitably depends on the talents of the skip playing the last rock. Richardson's advice: "If you cannot play under pressure, then become lead or second."

When the Richardson Rock was beating the world and winning all those Brier and Scotch Caps, skip Ernie Richardson always used a very simple but very effective game plan to stop the opposition: "We were all our championships by going out of every opposition stone in the house. We never took a chance and then they come very around. And now that I think of it, I think we were a lot of games away simply demonstrating the other rocks with our takeouts. They would put a rock in the house and we would pressure them to let it. After a while the opposition would begin to lose hope."

Athough curling is not a contact sport, it is a game of intense physical and mental pressure. The best strategy in a curling match is to apply constant pressure by taking advantage of your team's strengths and your rival's weaknesses. A skip's strategy for his team depends upon the particular talents of his players. If they lack technical power, he should not play a takeout game. But if they have Richardson-like knockout ability, he should certainly use it to the last advantage.

What most curling games come down to, though, is what is known as "last rock advantage." The side with last-rock advantage is always in the driver's seat. The last rock, after all, can cancel out everything the opposition has accomplished in a particular end. In fact, the last rock is as important that (depending on the score) many skips will decide to break on end by throwing their stone completely through the house rather than win one point and lose that last-rock advantage in the next end. (The winner of one end, of course, plays the first rock in the next end.)

A hidden psychological advantage with the last rock is the pressure it places on the third skip. Faced to play a takeout game himself in order to survive, the real skip may over-

tendly submit to the pressure and miss what looks like a nice takeout of one or more of your rocks. Now you have him in a fix, and you can simply draw into the house and pick up extra points. This kind of pressure can demoralize the opposition and cause them to make more mistakes. And, as Richardson says, "Like all sports, curling comes down to mistakes. The team that makes the fewest mistakes wins. When the Richardson rock was in a pinck, no always made the other team make the mistakes."

Although the Richardsons specialized in a knock-out style of attack, there are, of course, other strategies for post-mortem. Here are some of Ernie Richardson's thoughts about drawing strategy.

1 "If at the start of a game you do not have last rock, you as skip should have your lead start off by playing a rock in the center of the house, preferably in front of the tin line, or outside the rings as a goal. Later in the game, if you are ahead by four or five points, have the lead start skip his rock in front of the tin line so the rival curlers can't freeze it. Or have him throw his rock through the house. I used to have my lead throw his rock through the rings when the Richardson rock was up three or four points late in a game. I never wanted too many rocks around the house under such circumstances. By doing that, we put pressure on the other side."

2 "Say that you have last-rock advantage in the first end and the third lead has placed his first rock in the center of the house. Here your lead try to knock him out but still keep his own rock inside. If the rival rock is not in the house, draw to the outside corner of the rings. Usually, after the first two rocks have been played, only one rock — your lead's second rock — will be in the house."

3 "When playing draw shots, have your players place their rocks as far apart from each other as possible. This helps prevent the other team from knocking out two of yours with one stone. Also, by doing so, you pressure the opposition into attempting strike-hits on them — the easier kind to miss. If they do miss, then you draw into the middle. Solidly, you have built up a three or four point end! And shakers then consider!"

4 "When you are down in a game and need points, don't try to take out a rival stone that is only the third or fourth scoring shot in the house, especially when the first and second scoring shots are yours. Instead, draw into the rings as far away from that third or fourth scoring shot as possible." ■

This is an account from Dick Richardson's Curling Techniques And Strategy by John MacKay and Ernie Richardson published by MacMillan and Stewart. It is based on the Richardson system since c. 1930, and does not include any of the changes made since then.



is the Troigros in Rouen, France, where heaven is said to be rising palm de fish grid to the sound of trumpets.

For the third time in 10 minutes a waiter replaced the better dish, because it looked messy, another topped up my glass of Meunault-Charmes '71. Their attentions were unwelcome. I was busy counting down before I attacked the lot of the fresh white asparagus, pointing out the mauls from their puff pastry lauching pad. If there is anything perfect in the world, that asparagus was it. If there is any perfect restaurant in the world, I was thinking I had found it — Restaurant Troigros, Rouen, France, just northwest of Lyon.

I needed Troigros. My fish in good food had gone through a terrible time of questioning. My last assignment had been a plan to go — eating at first food chris across Canada so find out which restaurant the most viable fodder. My enthusiasm and my dejection by Rouen, only a restaurant at the ultimate restaurant — a three-star recommendation from the *Globe* *Michelin*, could rescue me.

So, as I sat there, bettering a hot rice wheat roll, I was torn between happiness and misery. I was happy because Troigros was responding to my compulsive need for perfection, and anxious because I wondered if the next course could possibly be as good as the one before. If that sounds exaggerated, let me explain. George Bernard Shaw once observed, "There is no love sincerer than the love of food." And I knew exactly what he meant. I am all in favor of motherhood, patriotism and the tender passion, but what makes my heart flutter and my knees tremble, what really turns me into a nervous schoolgirl is a five-course meal, all laid up with love and advice, loving winters and glowing candles. And like many lovers, I am fickle — last week's dinner in this year's cold fish. That is because I am constantly pursuing the perfection somewhere out there, in the gastronomic god, the absolutely delicious meal. For years now I have been sucking from restaurant to restaurant in my relentless quest, a kind of gourmet's Cupid's Arrow, with fork and spoon in place of love-point, ultimately pursuing my destiny.

That's why I took my vacation in France. France is the only nation in the world with its restaurant that state. *Michelin's* three stars. It is a nation of palaces, a place where some of its citizens like Robert Courtenay, mayor and guard, despised Charles de Gaulle because he popped the bubbles on his bottle with a knife. In France it is front-page news when a third star appears on the *Louvre* and *Michelin*, or one at last. Some years back, when the *Relais de Beaugrenier* a left bank Paris restaurant, lost its two stars at once, the chef promptly shot himself.

In Canada, eating about food is considered frivolous, if not downright wicked. We think of ourselves as clean, level, high thinkers and plain eaters and no Canadian politician likes to be spotted at an expensive restaurant sucking into Beef Wellington and imported wine. He knows it will hurt his public image. Insect-dread pork chops in a wet sauce in Quebec Park are all that's permitted.

The French are not like that. One Saturday afternoon 16 years ago, I was taken to *Lafayette*, a fashionable three-star in Paris, for lunch. *Lafayette* is an unusual thing restaurant, and my friend, a member of our External Affairs department, promised to take me only under certain conditions — "Don't pape," "I'll talk to the waiter," and, "Let's go down." As I sat at the table when, eyes straight ahead, I noticed a man with a *franc* (said he directly in my line of vision. He was telling me, curiously to someone in the waiter cleared away their voices and smoked salmon and began to bring on the roast lamb and happily I broke silence. I said, "I'm sure that's Andre Malraux" (Jean Malraux of Cultural Affairs). My friend replied without looking, "No, no, no, Malraux is really impossible, he's terrible." I said, "Turn around." He did, and identified the man sitting with Malraux — Georges Pompidou, then Prime Minister. They laughed on for three hours, and when at last they rose from their chairs and said it was without even a hint for the time spent. A few years / continued on page 67

The World's Greatest Restaurant

BY SONORA GOTTLIEB





DON'T COUNT RENÉ OUT

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

On Sherbrooke Street just below Old Jeanne McGill, a red van/taxi/truck is stopped in the middle of the afternoon traffic. The driver is otherwise engaged, standing behind his truck and delivering great wallowing blues with his head to the door of the car behind for some slight, imagined or otherwise. I sit in my taxi, watching with delight this primeval working out of a traffic dispute. This is not Madrid, not Paris, not Montreal. You hardly get such honest passion any more in Vancouver, supposedly the edge of the frontier.

These are the assumed notes: observations, gettings prejudiced, slanders and proclamations of a hopelessly out-of-touch British Columbian in Quebec before, during and after the Quebec election of last fall, which was supposed to change Canada's political map.

Politics is important, but not as important as the drift of daily life. A political observer tries not to let his subject obscure the real matters of the world, bring the face of a people

A voyage from across the continent, leaving gradually his 1,000 miles of ignorance, his and mine and yours.

The traveler from afar brings a minimum amount of psychological baggage into the province to check at the border, the usual issues of a columnist for the Vancouver Sun who only visits Quebec from a distance and travels to Montreal occasionally as part of a desert visit.

What he sees: first of all, in that, however you cut the outcome of that election, the Liberals drowned everybody else, with 54.2% of the popular vote, and 102 out of 130 seats in the National Assembly. The Parti Québécois managed a meagre six seats on 30% of the vote, and the Conservatives got two seats, while the Union Nationale marched into oblivion. Viewing such results, your greatest surge from afar admits to a prejudice, readily obvious: it is that, however technically correct, a member gains that delivered to a party just as soon as a reward for taking 30% of the vote is soon to be applauded. It

seems to me that the Parti Québécois concept of sovereignty, independence, separation — call it what you want to see — rejection of cultural pride — passed straight, it didn't last it.

In 1970, the PQ in its first try at office took 24% of the vote. Now, in 1973, it has taken 30%. I have never been accused of being a master of mathematics, at school or out, but that would seem to indicate that whereas nearly one quarter of the Quebec population was willing to put it on the line for political as well as cultural sovereignty in 1970, now almost one third of the province has been converted.

I do not like the feel of the motherly, editorial-gauge advice that, well, the October 29 results settled all that, and let's get on with life. One can understand the political reasons, but not the logic, of Jacques Parizeau's Elton Bracken morning-after comment: "There should be no more talk of separatism." There seems more than a touch of the feeling that the emeral child having been spanked, the problem is over.

The "problem" is not over — in / continued on page 46

A westerner's notes on an election which, despite appearances, didn't settle anything



BOURASSA: STILL IN HIDING

Is there a man behind the wonderful
vote-capturing machine?

On the night of the greatest moment of his life, Robert Bourassa was swept into the魁北克 Liberal headquarters within the protective cocoon of a clutch of aggressive bodyguards. As they shouldered and shoved their way through the well-to-well reporters, he seemed a flustered, embarrassed. As being whisked up the stairs to tragedy, the massive object came along alone the wayward. There he was on the little stage before the microphones, shouting Liberal workers seated forward on their shoulders. On Alfred Boas, the candidate who had performed the most useful service of the evening, he had delivered René Lévesque in French riding. Boas, a thick sweating man in a pink shirt, was carried stiffly and draped at Bourassa like a lollipop, in some stiffened offering Bourassa leaped from the stage and briefly gripped his hand like someone accepting one of those hot flannels offered to you in Kings by silent stewards.

The strange aspect of one of the most revealing moments in modern electoral tactics (the Guinness world record was established in 1967 in Alberta when only some of 309,375 voters did not cast ballots for the government) is that the brilliant vote-giver of Quebec fills to anxious anticipation along with his most faithful adherents. The man who has the strong-

est member of any Canadian politician, presented or deferred, seems the most ill-confident of them all. The 40-year-old premier of Quebec never drives a car, the inherent supreme, his mind unclouded with the paraphernalia of life's business so that he can get on with his thought processes.

Before he was premier he lived in an eight-bedroom-day room in Quebec City. When Claude Wagner, the immaculate possessor who will probably be Canada's next External Affairs minister if Stedwell wins the election, came to visit him to persuade him to take on a more prestigious mode of life, Bourassa had to sit on the bed while Wagner took the chair.

He has a formal *ascot* (a necktie), always the dark suit with the white shirt, the display of cuff, the jelly arm movement to position points. Lévesque on Bourassa: "The youngest old-fashioned politician going." The personal has become a political necessity. The man who has the strong-

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Will success spoil David Freeman?

Not bloody likely

BY JOHN HOFSESS

Perhaps because I grew up with the post-war baby boom—in remarkable generation apart from its bulky members, but with a little more grace—I'm more accustomed to downhill than uphill stories. In Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Brian Jones, Dave Allen, Neil Young, to name a few. When the social landscape created by our parents is nothing but a series of endless ascents, ascents, ascents, and ascents, when the dominant clothing style makes everyone look like keep, raggedy Ann dolls with sort of the fading-pink tint, when the most pervasive and fashionable music, books and plays keep telling you, over and over, that the apocalypse is near and there is nothing to live for except cheap thrills, well, it steps into one's boots and says: "You're kidding. Well, as matter how popular despite because I have always taken it as something that only those who keep their class up have a chance of seeing through."

Harvard facilitates us, especially the last that usually goes unmentioned, the daily struggle of middle-class people to gain some mastery over their destiny, to live with self-respect. It's as much by their poets. No single act may seem: "The whole act is the conquest is for freedom from the common fate. Why? How does it come about?"

The ascent on life of a crippled person, for example, is a small government problem and a monstrous, contracted life. But not for David Freeman.

Though impaired by cerebral palsy since birth, Freeman has gained worldwide recognition in the past three years as one of Canada's finest playwrights. You won't find the author of "Papa, Saturday, Mom, You're Going To Be Alright, Awww baby and other plays," teleplays and works-in-progress being tested and interviewed on radio and television talk shows. In fact, because he

is not generally judged as "pennantable" by television's standards (his speech is strained and slow, his movement spastic, the effort to speak often leads to great uncertainty), you may have heard little about him if that medium, so preoccupied with aesthetic niceties, is your chief source of information. Freeman was born a man born fully—to be speaking. Yet his speech further than most people to master what their words or wholeness of body. His sovereign gift the stage to live.

"When I was born, the doctor predicted I wouldn't live the night. When I lasted the night, he predicted I wouldn't last the week. When the week was over, I wouldn't last the month. After a year, the doctor predicted a CP could be done. Stillborn."

It was January 7, 1945. The Freemans, a poor Toronto family, were having their third child. Their older son was born mentally retarded and died at the age of 7. A daughter, Gloria, survived.

Their second son, David, whose last child was born a CP—affected with cerebral palsy. Searching went wrong at the moment of birth. A Malpractice of oxygen to the brain, impairing the infant's motor functions. Just that, a stroke of misfortune, luck, and a human being who might otherwise be handicapped, graceful, or additionally so, as if that life is a cherry upon it. Canada, it happens in about two ones-out of every 1,000 live births. That was David Freeman's introduction to an adult life of adversity of choice.

The first thing a CP horse is to know his place and stay in it, somewhere between "nigger" and "space" in the danger of social pariahs. "It was to be a writer," Freeman told a teacher at the St. Mary's School for the handicapped (which he attended from age seven to 17). "That's me, David," came the twenty cooing-cooing reply, "but

really, dear, wouldn't it be more practical for you to be a newspaper slinger? Bearing in mind your disability."

Freeman turned to twenty young and still often.

Perhaps if he had spent more of his early life passively watching television (telling him a happier mass of flesh in a class, making friends and getting 60 minutes of reality, fiction, history, psychology, anything he could accept his mind with), he might have accepted his lot as a cripple, for television offers so few examples of spunky character, and offers so little reason for living. "Mean, clean, clean!" he wrote in a diary, describing a moment when he was 15. "But only spunky hands with which to write them. Spastic hands to suppress my thoughts in meaningless, repeated words and sentences that only I can understand and even then, with difficulty. Watch television. You must. Stop thinking. What the hell do you think I am?"

Poetry is particularly cruel to the physically handicapped. It drives them deep into loneliness, sometimes to deep they never get out. What's the use of all this sexual desire when no one wants to touch you? It only makes one feel more ugly, alone, and estranged. And when, moreover, those sexual urges are repressed with pride, when one questions those who say they love you, when self-hatred has runned off chance of your believing in some unaccompanied sentiment, when you constantly demand proof that it is love, not pity, that motivates them, then, personally every relationship is a battle-ground for nervous. The gift and guarantee of normal adolescence is rejected still further in the disabled and protracted.

"CP girls get together with CP boys only to talk about," says Freeman. "It's a flat life like this." / continued on page 42

THE PROBLEM
HOW TO SURVIVE THE URBAN WINTER

THE SOLUTION

BUILD A SKATING RINK FIVE MILES LONG

BY DOUGLAS FULLERTON,
FORMER CHAIRMAN NATIONAL CAPITAL COMMISSION

When I was young, I found the long winter reasonably tolerable, with hockey and skating at my door, as the years slipped away, however, I reacted to the first cold blasts of November with unendingly diminishing enthusiasm — that is, until recently.

What has changed my mind, and that of many other residents of the nation's capital, is an urban winter recreation program built around a five-mile-long skating rink on the Rideau canal. The story of that rink is worth recounting. After all, three quarters of one Canadian population live in cities, so many of these cities, the snow comes early and stays late, and where the snow is light, the cold wind often has an even colder edge. In Canada, the winter, for some adults at least, is something to be survived rather than enjoyed.

In those cities where winter sports have always been popular, they have launched only a limited number of the programs, mostly the young, and they have often involved considerable costs and some travel outside the city, to ski hills or snow-covered resorts. What was needed were activities that were available within the city, at low cost, and that would involve families as a group. That, at least, was the view of staff members of the National Capital Commission, the federal agency charged with improving the capital, of which I was then chairman. And so, in January, 1971, we launched our big experiment in winter recreation for all age groups — the Rideau canal skating rink.

The Rideau canal system was built 150 years ago to provide a navigable link between the Rideau and Ottawa rivers. It meanders for six miles through Ottawa until it joins the Ottawa river at

the base of Parliament Hill. The canal is partially drained every fall, but enough water is left to cover the width of the canal, although at most places it is only a few feet deep. In those December days when the water flows before the snow fell, it served as a safe and natural rink — a fact that spurred various attempts over the years to clear the snow when nature failed to provide a rink. However, when a large plough fell into deep water during the 1950s, the city gave up the idea.

What we at the NCC did not know when we took on the problem was how difficult it would prove to keep water of canal ice in skatable condition. Luckily, we found out very quickly when in a no-choice vacuum we had on our hands, and this gave us heart to cope with the problems that kept cropping up. It was in fact the popular demand for skatable water that Taylor and the staff to design new techniques and new machinery to meet new problems. Paving on this ice? Wind would blow to jeers, and ran several of them in sequence. Lights? Break on rotary blenders. How could we stand on an attraction. Flooding? It took a year to find out how to use rotary drills to beat down to the water under the ice and pump it up. Thaw? Would you believe a whole city praying for colder weather? But it didn't always work and you can't wait on winter.

Initially, the rink was three miles long, but only 20 or 30 feet wide — less than half the width of the canal. In three years the improved techniques made it possible to widen the rink almost to the canal walls, and extend it to the full five miles between downflows and the locks at Carleton Place. Lights were added in some seasons, making it possible to skate at night. This added a new

dimension — skating parties, which have sometimes lasted until well into the morning hours.

One great innovation was the installation of six smaller sections of half a dozen attractive portable changing huts, electrically heated, with food and hot drinks available, and with toilet facilities in several we put skate-sharpening machines run by college students. We also had students to provide mobile first-aid assistance to casualties, of whom, thank God, there were surprisingly few — perhaps 10 to 20 fractured wrists, arms or ankles in all. St. John Ambulance facilities were available in several of the huts as well.

The crowds clumped the rink to their reflective bosoms, and last season's attendance was more than 500,000 during the two-and-a-half month season. One weekend in February, 66,000 turned up. A much larger than last year's good-natured mob and a mob of all ages.

Why hadn't these people used the neighborhood rinks? There seems to be something about skating in order that puts people off — first usually after going straight ahead. Perhaps it's the variety of the scenery, perhaps the changing mix of people, perhaps simply the sense of freedom, but the canal rink, rather than stimulating skating on the local rinks, has driven people from them, and also from the city hills.

I don't want to suggest that the rink is a panacea for all our winter ills, but it is a moving target to see how much of a family sport skating has become. One parent suggested to me that most skating had done more for family ingratiation than all his sermons on the subject. Everyone over the age of two at on skates and you can see fathers cradled in backpacks or pushed on double dogs with children in tow and good grandfathers taking their boats often on skates of Dutch or other European origin. Night clothing adds to the panorama, which looks like the winter scene of the Finnish painter Brangell.

A surprising feature of the rink is that it involves people walking or driving along the adjoining parkways, and outside of nearby homes. Straps of colored lights line the coast, and people feel almost part of a happening in the city. Some older people even postpone their winter vacation until the end of the rink season in early March. And where else in Canada can you skate to work?

The bill for all this joy is surprisingly low. Rebuilding the original equipment on the changing huts and the machinery the NCC estimates the cost at around \$100,000 a year — about 15 or 20 cents per person per year on skates.

The success of the rink led the NCC to experiment with other urban winter activities. Half a dozen dozen-sized huts were set aside and graced for tobogganing with parking provided, and the rapid growth in popularity of cross-country skating has led the NCC to provide many miles of urban trails along its parkways and other land holdings.

Should other cities follow Ottawa's lead? Clearly not all cities have shallow, calm bays nor do their climates seem suitable, nor do they have a benevolent federal godfather such as the NCC. Still, Calgary has its Bow River and Regina its Wascana Canal. Winnipeg is encircled with rivers that should make

good rinks, Toronto has its Don, its Humber and the western. Montreal has its mountain and the Lac Beauport, Brandon has the Assiniboine and the Assiniboine, the Saginaw, from Saskatoon to Fredericton, from Vernon, BC, to London, Ontario, practically every Canadian city has a natural water area available for winter development.

But there is no reason why any other city should pattern itself precisely on the Ottawa model. Each should find its own solution, one that meets its own needs and winter conditions. What is vital, it seems to me, is for all our cities to recognize the deep language in our people for outdoor urban recreation which fun-

ishes can enjoy together, and which releases the tensions of our long, cold winter. TV, movies and apartment space all have their place, so do skating trips to the mountains, but our cities need something else, something that will make our winter enjoyable instead of merely endurable.

This is the first in a new Maclean's series, Solutions, which will try to provide answers for the many issues that face Canadians today. Maclean's welcomes reader suggestions for topics and experts to tackle them. We'll pay for accepted solutions. Address: Solutions, Maclean's Magazine, 685 University Avenue, Toronto, M5W 1A7.



Sally's Misadventures and Mine

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

How Robert Winters and Angus L. Macdonald found out eating crew can't hold a hat to the joys of drinking rabbit coffee



Sally was never handsome like Grete Garbo nor beautiful like Ava Gardner but she had a distinctive quality about her. Her husband Jack doesn't realize this. To him she is just "my gal Sal." But Sally, in case, is an exciting phenomenon. Whenever we get together, something happens. Neither of us purposely attempts to procrastinate anything, but for 20 years we have found ourselves the innocent victims of what she has come to call "the vagaries of fate."

We try hard to be mundane. Touch school and give blood donations and buy Girl Guide cookies. Sally extorts "the girl" at bridge, goes to church whenever she buys a new hat, serves at a sanctuary of the local Home and School Association, and buys her books locally from the best-seller list.

But all our attempts to adhere to the rules of conventional

conduct somehow always go askew. Once we went into an important little restaurant in Halls Bay. All we wanted was a sandwich and coffee. Abruptly, without reason, the chef quit, while we were waiting quietly and respectfully in our booth "Commodore," whispered Sally. When we flew to Toronto to judge the pilot suddenly got sick. "Commodore?" whispered Sally. And we didn't go to the Ice Capades anymore. The last time we did the female star fell on her disastrous human rights in the middle of her dramatic solo.

Another time Sally wanted to go to a dance at the Greenwood air base. Jack wouldn't go. I went with her. Everyone at the officers' mess assumed we were a married couple. One of the women looked at us. "How many children have you?" Sally said and two and I said four. "Speak for yourself," and Sally I was accused for the rest of the evening.

One night we were sitting in her living room quietly sipping digestifs. "I don't believe it," the maid suddenly. "I know what she meant. It looked as though we were going to get through an entire evening without outstagger. And then the phone rang."

She came back and sat down, looking somewhat stern. "I spoke too soon," she murmured. She looked at me with apprehension. "Jack is bringing back two VIPs."

I had no answer for her. What's a VIP? she asked. "It's someone who goes through life continuously laboring under the illusion that he matters."

"Oh," she said, and poured us two meisters drinks. In a few minutes they arrived. Jack was right. By Nova Scotia standards, his guests were indeed VIPs. One was Angus L. Macdonald, who was then Liberal premier of the province, and the other was Bob Winters, the federal Liberal member for Lunenburg county.

God must have some grudge against the Liberals. I

thought, when I saw their confident faces. But then logic reminded me that it was a winter's night and relatively late, and that there was nothing that could happen.

Winters was a big man, meticulously dressed, reminiscent of George Drew. Macdonald was Nova Scotia's quiet and soft-spoken.

"I'll make some mistakes," said Jack. Sally looked at me in alarm. Jack was notorious in western Nova Scotia for his mistakes. His idea of adding vermouth to the gin was to serve the vermouth bottle over the gin. I have seen him turn a relatively conventional Bridgeworks party into a "holocaust." Once without warning, a local housewife door-way, which naked, suddenly appeared in a pose reminiscent of some kind of primitive sacrificial rite and shrieked, "I can never have a child!"

That night after four rounds of banal remarks, Jack continued, "It's a shame that we can't all go out to our camp."

"Why don't we?" said Sally. I stared at her. She stared back with I-didn't-mean-to-say-it look. We were like two lemons in a custard cream.

"Perhaps we should," I. Sally interjected.

"Why said?" Jack never leaves from experience. Jack's cottage is 43 miles from Bridgewater, near a small village called Albany. It is a mile walk from the highway. Before I could put up an argument, we were bundled into the car, jubilant and high — and half-covered with snow.

"Just the where I was a boy," said Bob Winters. I've got cows for you, I thought. You have two wicked

goats along. Sally kept giving me helpless glances.

We got to Albany and parked the car in a snowbank. The snow was deep, and we were staggering through it when Macdonald said, "The glowworm hereward plods his weary way."

"I didn't know you liked poetry," said Sally.

"I like Wordsworth too," said Jack.

"It's not Wordsworth," I answered, "it's Longfellow."

Bob Winters was about to protest, but then he remembered I was a teacher of English literature and added his eyes heavenward and continued his weary way. Jack had brought along a pig of mortism, and presumably we would all sleep and have a drink. Winters was in the lead, which was unfortunate because he had no idea where the cabin was, and we all followed him, trying to do the Indian file thing, but badly. A Garman tank could have followed in our wake.

"Turn left!" shouted Jack, in desperation. And there was the cabin. Jack got busy making a blaze in the fireplace.

"Let's go survive," said Sally. "I'll make coffee with the snow."

I thought about this. It seemed heretical. The snow was new, and had shone at the moonlight as we walked into the cabin. Sally grabbed a large coffee pot and went out in the dark and scooped up some snow.

Everyone knows that food tastes better in the country. But I have never heard such extravagant compliments as we all paid to Sally's coffee that night.

"It's the best coffee I've ever tasted in my life," said VIP Number One.

"We don't get coffee like this very often," said VIP Number Two.

"It has that special flavor."

"We all had three or four cups."

I continued on page 34

David E. Lewis has lived in the Annapolis Valley for more than 20 years. A collection of his humorous stories, *A Little Whimsy & Quaint*, was published recently by Mulholland and Stewart.

unconcerned. I made all the right responses, I think, but my mind was a quagmire.

Then, as it became a bog with solid clumps to put a foot on but still drenched with treacherous muddy places and hung about with moss and fog, people began to say, "It's not looking well" with some surprise. Me too. I was still living through a momentous moment then in retrospect. Constantly astonished that Bill was dead. I am sure that no one was more astonished than he when he woke up on The Other Side. I believe in The Other Side. We still have a conversation to finish.

I looked even better, apparently, in the dark circles under my eyes lightened as my sleeping improved. I always used to joke that one of the reasons I got married was to have someone make me go to bed double-breasted instead. At first, after Bill died, I was afraid to go to bed unless I was certain I would fall asleep before I finished my prayers. Otherwise I would be awake and think and the thoughts were mine in a cage that doesn't bear discipline. Then, old patterns reentered themselves and I became once more the night hawk of old times, musing, uncertainty dappled, thronging down on ideas in the dead of night. My bedroom has become an additional workspace, piled with books and notebooks, a tape recorder, pens and pencils and work in progress.

As for the double extreme, I am still overreached from my suspension. One reads of busy widows, I've met one of them. Perhaps in time it will be a problem but it isn't yet. I have always believed in (a) charity and (b) fidelity. I'm back to charity. It was George Bernard Shaw who said that "marriage contracts

the maximum of deception with the maximum of opportunity" and it was great while it lasted. But I have lost more than a sex partner and my adjustment to my loss must be total. I still cry when I watch love scenes on movies but that's self-pity and not to be tolerated.

Self-pity is cheap. Self-dramatizing, self-soliciting, need, eternally, self-destructive. I will pursue pain but not self-pity, that must be wiped out. Pain is a withdrawal symptom and eventually, I hope, I am told, will fade. I got smoking four years ago. There are times when I will want a cigarette.

My biggest problem is I don't know any widows my age. Yes, one. She just joined the ranks a few weeks ago. Welcome to the club. My mother is a widow, she wasn't when she was 42. All my friends are wives and these middle years that they are living through are happy and busy ones, to mine were sad a few months ago. You can't blame them if I have disappeared without a ripple from their consciousness. (There are dire emergencies.) That is a compartmented society we live in. Sociologists are aware of this and suggest clubs are exploiting on it. But how magical is it to be supplied when one still has a married partner? For weeks I headed for the postlager ads of the car.

Suddenly I have a companion, even if about widows at an age when I might more sensibly be interested in teen-agers, marriage, college attractions and juvenile holiday trips. I am assuming a collection of (new and anonymous) about widows (that, being a conservative person, I am willing, even unobtrusively eager to share).

Widows are people who go around with their losses topped half-

way up their backs. It's either that or whiplash trying to get the dam upper all the way up by yourself!

Busy widows are people with an empty space beside them. I still almost ever-so-slightly fall into step beside my husband when I go for a walk. In the spring, shortly after he died, I was offered ideas "Oh no thank you," I said, "Bill is always to blame." For weeks I heard the newspaper rustling in the living room or heard his snoring gently as he dozed with one eye on the Sunday afternoon football game. I don't know these words any more. I guess the empty space is moving from beside me to inside me. I have talked to many widows older than myself now, and from what I can gather that empty space is there to stay.

Busy widows are lonely. But not exactly. I was a widow for 20 years. I can't complain. "After the 30 years I had with my husband," said one widow I talked to, "then 60 years with anyone else." That's how I feel about my 33.

You can only be grateful for what you had. No regrets. Before he became general manager of the Stratford Festival Theatre, Bill was very active in politics. He helped Dalton Camp run Cliff Robb's provincial election campaign in Manitoba, and was seconded by the Conservative party to help with the national publicity for the 1963 federal election. When he moved to Ontario, he didn't know the names so there was not much he could do as a broad vote. He contented himself with helping the local candidates, first Meely Neerbach, and then his successor, Bill Jarvis.

After the 1972 election-when election there was talk of another election within six months, Bill Jarvis was successful and he gave each member of his committee a little silver dish engraved with his name and the date.

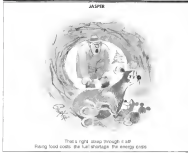
"What you don't know," quipped my Bill, "is that these came in matched sets of three." He never was one to look back.

Being by nature of an academic turn of mind, I looked up widows in my dictionaries of quotations. Most of the comments about widows are cynical, except those from the Bible. Biblical widows are poor and sorrowing. All other widows described by writers throughout the ages are wealthy and sex-nal and on the whole relieved to be rid of their husbands. I'm more the biblical-type widow myself. As a matter of fact, widowhood is an area that women's libemocrats should turn their attention to. Widows are victims of heartless discrimination. Benjamin Franklin said, "Biblical widows are the only second-class people that sell at first-class prices" and "Widows can make even bears and widows weep." If I'd known he felt that way, I'd have cut his size strap.

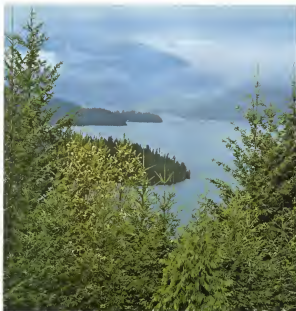
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In all of North America there is no greater richness of mountains, sea and forests than in British Columbia. The province has almost 16,000 miles of coastline but almost 6,500 miles of that are sheltered shores in the lee of inland head mountains. More than 75% of the province's land area lies 3,000 feet or more above sea level and that mountainous region contains 126 million acres of forest.

British Columbia's forests, fjords, islands, lakes and streams combine to give the region a distinctive all its own. Scientists have found that the whole of British Columbia — except for the Queen Charlotte Islands — was covered with ice in at least two periods of its geological history.

When the last ice age ended, perhaps 30,000 years ago, the land was torn by glacial floods which deposited soils conducive to coniferous trees, which today constitute the bulk of the forest cover. During the centuries before man discovered that the forests had economic value, they were swept by fires and struck by waves of insect infestation. That was nature's form of forest management.

Cover. Better than like those on our eyes should not be confused with blue eyes which are lighter in colour. Better than are common eyes along west coast shorelines and streambanks. They are usually mottled of other bird calls and have a large majority of characters and squawks of their own.



Top left: Western Grebes have the unusual ability to web themselves closely in water and only their head and neck are visible. It is a fairly common sight to see a Grebe like this in a lake or river. Grebes like to nest on fresh water marshes or meadow lakes and then spend full winter and spring in salt water coastal waters. They feed mostly on small fish which they catch and catch underwater.

Top right: One Goshawk found west of the Coast Range is called the Pacific Blue Goshawk. He has shown as a result of long-term trapping which has revealed that he was found in forests at higher elevations, moving to higher elevations and higher elevations in these birds to nest in March and April. These nesting birds can be found for several miles.

Left: Buffleheads are among the smallest birds found in British Columbia waters. They prefer to nest in holes in trees but if no trees are handy they will burrow into the ground. In the presence of Buffleheads west along the entire coast of the Coast Range and through the interior. They move to the breeding grounds April-May and return to the coast in the fall. They feed on shellfish and, occasionally, at the request of salmon that have spawned in coastal streams.



The bird paintings reproduced here are by the British Columbian artist, J. F. Lundstone, who has gained a world-wide reputation for his realistic studies of birds that populate Canadian forests and waterways. His work is well-known both in print and in a scientifically accurate guide for serious students of ornithology. The paintings shown here are part of a larger collection to be published in a forthcoming book, "Birds of the West Coast". These birds are an integral part of the forest scene in coastal British Columbia.

J. F. Lundstone bird paintings are from his forthcoming book, "Birds of the West Coast", copyright 1973 by M. F. Fisher Arts Company Limited, Toronto.



Some of the wildflowers common to the British Columbia coast can also be found in other parts of Canada. Others are western species exclusively. Those shown here are familiar to any nature lover who hikes through the forests of the west coast.



Tip left: Sophora *Merythia trifoliata*. This is an aquatic or semi-aquatic plant that is found in bays in both tropical and mountainous areas. It blooms in the summer in north temperate regions.

Tip right: Forward *Epilobium angustifolium*. The rose-purple blossoms of five-nered are further signs of summer as backward-over heads. The plant grows to a height of 3 feet or more (1 m).

Bottom left: Yellow Monkeyflower. Above: *Asplenium platyneuron* (sp. parvum). Look for shaded rocky outcroppings where there is seepage of surface water and few moss. And this is *Asplenium platyneuron*. It blooms in the spring.

Midright: Red Flowering Currant *Ribes sanguineum*. It can grow to nearly 10 feet in height in open clearings or along the margins of woods. The currant is one of our most attractive native shrubs.



Evergreen Viole *Viole angustifolia*. A perennial small herb that is found from the western slopes of the Caradoc to the coast. It is usually found in moist woods. From 2 to 6 inches tall (H.S. on 2).

Western Tawnyface Trogon *Trogon mexicanus*
Frequently found in deep shade or at the forest edge. It flowers in early spring and grows 4 to 10 inches high (10-25 cm) / It occurs in southern B.C.



Yellow Pond Lili, *Napitseritum*, 129 polli-
typonum. This lili is found in large and
ponds throughout South Columbia. It
usually blooms open in May. They are
considered to have the best.

Economic activities of man, such as logging, can — if planned intelligently — do great harm to nature and be compatible with the preservation of the forest. Logging has been deleterious for a long time. But logging is part of a process aimed at making economic sense based on his need for wood. The forest is not destroyed, but it is not able to strike a balance among man's economic needs, his recreational needs and the physical requirements of wildlife. In the United States, the National Forest Management Act of 1976 (NFMA) was passed. It allowed us to move to harvest products and use the forest in harmony with nature. For example, no more wood is cut as it is needed for recreation. The forest is a buffer, the kind area of forest cover is not diminished. It is the Company's policy to plant all lands which are not needed for timber. The Company has been replanting in 1976 and before long will have planted 300 million seedlings. These plantations will be in place for some 50 years before they are ready for use. The natural, mature, wooded and protected forest, man-made and old-growth, will provide shelter for many generations. The Company has been replanting for at least three generations of humans.

In the coastal area of the Indio Cahuapanas where MB has made its operations, one thing trees grow more slowly than usual. Young plantations need careful attention. They need to survive and MB has developed a procedure in which "survived" trees "help" them along. In each plantation, an "adult" tree is planted in the center of a group of 25 trees in what are called "survival lines." These help MB determine the complexity of the forest and the status of the plantations. In the first year, the plantations are 100% green and are natural to those trees. If the mean score for survival is below standard, then the whole plantation will be examined and, if necessary, replanted. The trees are planted in rows and notes are made about the kind of leaves regenerate growing along side them, thus building up a strictly oil producing belt of 10 rows to help a plantation survive.



Seedlings go into the ground in one of three different forms — bare root, seedpack or plug. The method used depends on conditions at the shoot, say.



Here is part of the carcass record for stry No. 2 in Flaccidan No. 2649. It shows that No. 5 was seriously and suffered wave damage. Other notations indicated that some crabs failed to survive at all, and others were "mashed out by shore."



Duke No. 8 marks a three-year-old male, two feet tall as the forester's assistant measured. This male had useful skin 7½ feet long and it used to measure several heights in walking ridges of native grass in surrounding wooded areas.



Streamlined processing by selling shares



These ribs are not windfirm can blow down in a high wind leave ribs

The various measures ManMöller Rhodol takes to protect the forests from fire, disease and insect attack obviously contribute to the quality of shelter that wildlife find there. Research and science in management product bundles focus on green issues that are more than just the green, they embrace the repair of habitats disturbed through logging.

Anyone who has been in forests deep where and has come across freshly logged land knows that the landscape has been severed and laid bare. No one can deny the immediate effect of logging, but it should not be assumed that this will be a permanent scar. In fact, it is the size of a new

forest that will soon grow there from seed and/or from planted stock. Forests are living things, constantly growing. Some of the most serious expansion of timber to be found in developed countries today is second growth. That is, they have been logged and then either restocked, naturally or replanted. They are not what a natural "virgin forest" is.

No way has ever been found to satisfy man's needs for wood and fibre without creating temporary systems. The important thing is not to create them unnecessarily but to restore the forest cover as soon as possible.

Both logging and road building are planned in coordination with development.

nobody grows up thinking they will marry a physically disabled person. All the boys want Marilyn Monroe and all the girls want Marjorie Curran, but no one wants the Herkules of Notre Dame. "There were certain things about me my dad had trouble accepting, for that matter, so did I. One was my relationship with girls and the possibility I might never marry. He greatly exaggerated my involvement I ever had with a girl, and, in his mind, I was a frat-boy swinger. I did like to discourage that fantasy, mostly because I was trying so hard to behave myself. But I already knew from painful experience, that a cerebral palsy victim had to be extra careful around members of the opposite sex. A word or look a much as gesture takes the wrong way could lead a CP to hot water."

In one of his recent plays, titled *Our Place*, unadmitted and unpermitted, Freeman conveyed up a 50-year-old man after World War II in which everyone was some kind of freak, some with wigs, some with wheelchairs, some with speech defects or mental retardation. The hero's name is Frank, an epileptic, a young man who refuses to perform. The Ravello is not of unknown in public now, which makes one, in this particular society, a model citizen, as accepted for life by the community and who retained mankind the Grand Duke, the source of all authority and tradition in the group. It requires no elaboration to perceive the fascism of such writing to Freeman. He was getting his own back at a time in his life when that external world did little other than humiliate him. Words were his new muscles, his limbs, winged words, words that could walk and run, think and leap. Yet not his will. David Freeman will indeed be loved.

It was here in the pages of *Marblehead*, in 1964, that Freeman got his first break as a writer. "I'm 19 years old. I have wanted to be a writer since I was about nine or 10, and now, since society has difficulty in accepting me as a normal human being, that profession seems to be the only one open to me. When I first began to write with a view to being a professional, I typed an average of two pages a day, now one page a day. Now, still typing, with one finger, I average four pages a day. I won't say that isn't difficult at times... but it sure has been working well."

His article, *The World Of Don's*, described the schools and workshops of the disabled from a new point of view. Their point of view. It argued a lot of people. One official wrote a letter to the editor saying "Mr. Freeman ought to write for Grove Press. His attitude on their communication is excellent." Another told him privately that he was a

person who needed psychiatric help, suggesting Freeman was a new phenomenon to social workers of the period; a plucky upstart who told the truth, told them in such that they and their social workers, and demanded career opportunities that belated him.

A CBC television producer invited him to adapt his article in a television play. Freeman called it *The Creeps*. The first draft was later but still too representative for television.

"The producer wanted a cast, handsome boys in a wheelchair and a Maureen Welby script, or, in those days, a Ben Casey script, which came to the same thing. I told him to screw himself."

If the static world was often cold and unresponsive, his home environment was frequently too warm and doing.

"Communication between my parents became less and less," he once wrote, "becoming in my father trying to leave two or three times. As a consequence he



David Freeman's hair grew out the

front of his face and reflected toward Gloria and myself. Although he always told us we were free to come and go as we pleased — as, indeed, we were — I found his love killing. It frightened me to hear him tell me he needed to see how his world would end if we should ever leave him. I was approaching one of the key problems of cerebral palsy victims, his parents."

Unable to leave home simply because he wanted to ("How will you look after yourself?" his mother asked, and he would have to move on, venturing that even looking at eggs could be dangerous to one with so little muscular control) he reversed in more subtle means, one that his parents couldn't deeply or long resist: he would go to university, and just to make sure he gained the psychological distance required, he chose McMaster, in Hamilton. He was 21 five years later, he graduated in political science.

The law of David Freeman's life has been, grow or die. Self respect always has to be found in uncharted territory, there's no steady-state map. When he told his first story he wrote in his journal, "I have said a story and there will

be other stories. I will create their moral, square, little world and become a normal, independent human being." Now out of university, with his aspirations pegged another step higher, he makes work as his play *Creeps*, taking the advice of his director friend Bill Gleason to put into it all his rage and obsessions, the rage of truth.

Creeps was produced twice under Gleason's direction first at the Factory Lab Theatre, then a long run at the Tarragon Theatre. It won the Clarkson Award as the best Canadian play in the 1971-72 season.

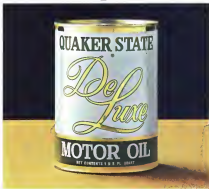
Last October, when *Creeps* opened in Washington one critic called it, "the most moving play I've seen in years." The *Washington Post* drama critic, Richard L. Coe, said of it: "It is a gripping play leaving the fortunate to think about the main social burden that is incomplete at birth. Playwrights Freeman's point is that unlike they are wholly normal, intelligent, aware, playful and tender — exactly like the rest of us. He makes his case with striking theoretical imagination and you will leave *Creeps* the better for learning something you probably never knew before." An off-Broadway production followed in December and was greeted with similarly high praise.

Like the family doctor who repeatedly predicted that Freeman wouldn't survive the next week or month of infancy, there were those who expected a fast fade after *Creeps*. He had done it once, but could he do it again? What's more, could he do it better? And true enough, so much so that his life had gone into the play, he felt "used up" for a while.

His subsequent work, *Returning Home* and *Love's Going To Be A Bright Journey*, is broadened and sharpened by the struggle to live, to struggle to making Tennessee Williams, his favorite playwright that a handicap of some kind, a debilitating truth is common to almost all men and women. There is a lot of love and more love than that.

In *Home* his (formerly) being as present engagement at the Tarragon in Toronto, under Gleason's direction) Freeman depicts a spoiled, brash family of five whose tightly constructed centers on the color television set. As in *Creeps* and *Returning Home*, it is a house, conceived carefully built upon a thin premise that works only because Freeman is a shrewd observer of human behavior and his great gifts of memory. Fred and Mary, the father and mother, well-spoken, but he has his anger and he was a well. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth but by God he'll die with one. His success is one of Canada's leading playwrights is now so great. David Freeman has been heard from. ■

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fact it is encouraged by the corrupt business of some one third of the voters being denied proper representation in writing the political process. The Liberals, in fact, brought forth redistribution between 1970 and 1973, but history has not awarded the patience of a government that supervised a redistribution that benefited the province, nearly butting the absorption of the dying Union Nationale rural vote into the Liberal caucus.

Montreal has the most comfortable downtown section of any city in Canada. The very atmosphere encourages you to wait a bit. Every day I leave the Hotel Rosemont, go along La Guachetiere and head up Cathedral Street to cross Bonhomme Square, an area visible by one thing in this grade, a pedestrian bench of the town, there is a whole lot of ground work done up and speckled with pigeon droppings of St. John A. Macdonald. There is a home-and-soldier memorial to the First War. There is a memorial to the Canadian dead in the two World Wars. There is a statue of Robert Borden. And there is one statue of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This is the second-largest French-speaking city in the world and particularly of the nation the English. Whatever the voter said, the streets are working for René Lévesque.

The strongest point about the Paris-Montreal leader is the qualitative quality of his face. Macdonald and even the congressman look as quickly as a leader's face. The more visible of his body can be seen through the escape hatch of that face, with the lines etched like scars. You can't look at that face. A reporter once said, "I would give a used car for that man in two minutes."

The Borden campaign has on Lévesque: "He had to be photographed 1,000 times before they could get a picture clear enough that his chin was visible." In fact, the Lévesque photo has been arrested to within those lines of intensity that strike up the multi-faceted face. He is the most famous public

speaker since Edward R. Murrow. The tags under his sad eyes rest like two pointed eggs.

The last time I talked to Lévesque, just over a year ago, he said the story, new to me, that Robert Bourassa was one of the three Liberals along with Lévesque who planned that Saguenay Machine for the 1970-71 party convention. "In fact we signed — I said were 20 of us in all — at his house with his wife sitting there, playing he'd sign too, because the wife was so nice." The day before the convention, Bourassa backed off. Lévesque was forced out of the party.

One always thinks of Lévesque as a city animal, but he was born closer to Halifax than to Montreal in the Gaspé railway town of New Carlisle. The flag-pole-pulling ministry in the town ignored the French-speaking "natural." Lévesque might have been a lawyer but not as soon as a new correspondent in Europe over short his Low Level School course at two years.

Old habits of Quebec politics died hard. When he first ran in 1968, he had to weather a recount to triumph over, among other things, another candidate named René Lévesque who appeared in the ballot. Now 13 years later in the Doran riding that he seeks, there are two other Lévesques on the ballot. They receive 1,078 votes between them and he loses the seat by 340 votes.

The assembly stage for an orator is how Lévesque is highly regarded personally, in comparison with Bourassa. The former, while rejecting his major platform, calls him "one of the outstanding democratic leaders of his time in Canada, making up reserves of patience, moderation and maturity to moderate his extraordinary talents as a speaker, policy maker, persuader and ruler of popular support."

Le Monde, the lefty Paris journal that serves Bourassa regard as the finest newspaper in the world, says, "only in Canada would a man as intelligent not be prime minister."

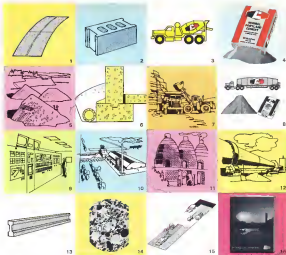
No one denies Bourassa's intelligence, but he's a hard man to warm to. The common block Bourassa is parked as the curb on St. Denis outside the Liberal campaign headquarters in the riding of Mascou, while the story of election excitement buzzes all about. The motorcycle light truck and the raised side rail in confusion along the roadside, clanking or down, clanking in and out while neighbors hang from their window and/or balconies to watch. The previous André Bourassa is still at the door, saying all the right farewells. All alone in the back of the house, wearing, unsmiling, in the dark, where face of Robert Bourassa, staring straight ahead into the night. The world swirls about him and he seems so alone, distressed, a little boy on the way to a demonstration.

The Liberal party presented headquarters is on Oxford just off St. Denis — by accident, in Robert Bourassa's Montreal riding. It is an area of five three-story houses, mostly built on or dropped. Plastic signs of last days that drip moisture and rub, like those plastic replicas of seals in the windows of Tokyo restaurants that now only to display any thoughts of food. The windows of the headquarters are framed with the Liberal campaign slogan, *NOUVEAU CONGRÈS — VOTONS LIBÉRAUX*. If Bourassa builds, it is clear, that other style follow him down.

Inside is a party public relations man, Claude Pelletier. As the photos and from radio stories and the great beyond, he calmly makes up behind him and plays in the relevant camera, the quiet clip, the handy interview from the leader or headquarters on any issue. The electronic press officer, Agnes, is in, in order, it seems so calm, so efficient, far more sophisticated and impressive than your positive was coast down. Pelletier is in a less, not a subtle young man with intelligent eyes. "The press" — he strongly views it as a PC captive — "surveys that this is propaganda." He is clearly better over the bottom of the Liberal's in this campaign. "The relation with the press are going to be bad and I think it's a good thing. I think the government will bring in regulations preventing the standard of journalism."

It has been a long day of electioneering in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce and the Liberal campaign workers are drinking along. Brother René is at a place called La Cascadelle. The door is early Dore. It is night and the old sign around to the gone again who always make. Rightly Canadian front pages each Quebec election day when a few heads are broken and a few heads are broken. A relation of every Liberal man is talking

continued on page 30



Is it a cement mixer or a concrete mixer?

**When is a cement sidewalk not a cement sidewalk?
Answer: when it's a concrete sidewalk.**

The question and/or side bring to light a common misuse — even by knowledgeable people — of the word "cement." We are and have references to a "cement" highway, a "cement" block building, a "cement" machine. Actually, cement is an extremely fine greyish powder composed of calcium silicate, iron, and other materials. By itself it's practically useless. But mix it with sand, stones, and water, and let the mixture harden, and you have concrete — the material most people mean when they say "cement."

This publication will show you how mixtures of raw material(s) are transformed into mixtures of finished concrete and will explain every step of the complex manufacturing process as it takes place in a modern plant/fabrication plant. If the history of the cement in

Canada and its development in Canada are of interest to you, this is your reference. The progress made since the vertical bar have shaped cement of the past to the 600-million-ton-per-year industry in use today outlined. Do you want to know the meaning of precast concrete, air-entrained concrete, or self-cementing? If so you will find it in this book, along with a variety of other applications of the universally used building material sometimes called concrete, sometimes called cement.

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QUEBEC continued

You Montreal in a beautifully cut double-breasted suit, smoke from his cigarette curling precariously over his head. "Christ, he's nice," whistles confounded knits beside me.

Dismounted, the episode of the rumpled gentleman amuses, pleases. "If you watch the hockey game with the kids on the French channel, there are a dozen ways to learn French. I tried them all and finally landed through." He is joined by the audience for his attempts to defrost his party's education policy.

"First, I try to ingratiate ourselves from behind me, 'but who else are you going to vote for?'"

"What I care doesn't matter," the rufus. "But they're so damn scared" — and she glances around the room at her social glaciators. René Desmarcotte was Westmount with 21,354 votes. Gaston Laurin is scored with 3,002. They were scared, all right.

The weekend before the election I go down to Toronto to see Secretariat Gubbins off at her corner at Woodbine. At a party in Forest Hill I get into one of those silly arguments with a stockbroker over the relative merits of living in Toronto or Montreal. I mention first there is no comparison, the ambition of Montreal making Toronto seem, to me, like Pittsburgh North. "We have the same thing here," he says, slugging. "We just live in Toronto they're called Indians."

When I walk out of the Bonaventure Hotel each morning, I'm struck by the number of Canadian flags waving valiantly against the brilliant blue Montreal sky. In my first glance at the day I see at least a half-dozen. There is a flag over the Montreal Gazette, one at the Chinese Consulate, a flagpole in Bonaventure Square, one over the Laurier Hotel, the tower on the corner of Dorchester and Peel that houses Times magazine, the Windsor Hotel, the Sun Life Building. It is most noticeable in a refuge from republicans BC where we don't

bother that much. The flag, one recalls, was the choice of English Canada.

Canada, as we all know, is not composed of 32 million people. It is made up of 3,000 people, all of whom know each other, went to the same schools and go to the same parties. You know it and I would know it. John Porter's *The Vertical Affair* proved it. It becomes a never-ending argument in Montreal. Montreal is actually composed of 300 people. In the lobby of the Bonaventure I run into a developer that I met at a Beautiful People party in Ottawa several years ago and first bumped into in the Flagged Rooms in the Empress Hotel in Victoria. At a Westmount rally I encounter to excessive astonishment recently transferred from Vancouver, plus an old school friend who still sits out in who's divided since I was last in town and across an invitation to a weekend party.

The party, wouldn't you know, is the developer's. Someone knows a mutual friend who has passed through town on the way from London to a Toronto TV job. An Ottawa contact headed for Rome turns out to have worked for an airline friend. The whole grand old meet on One is passed from hand to hand on the social ladder, like Storppe games passing supplies on up the rope. I'm so Canadian, easily absorbed in the (in Language Commissioner Keith Spicer called it "Rhodesian-like" minority) of a slice of Montreal that still holds a over Quebec.

I lunch with a man in the Cull de Paris in the Ritz-Carlton hotel. I met him as a matter of fact, in Peking just over a year ago. He finds his present city really as uncomfortable as a colonial misanthrope. He grew up with a family that was well respected in London clubland, has lived in France and more everywhere. He speaks French fluently and with a Parisian accent. The Cull de Paris is the farm house on the coast of the Marais, of its type. It needs European gentility. John Turner's mother is there.



John Turner's mother is there. My host cannot stand the artificial subtlety of the city. He wants to go back to Africa where, mothers say, "there is no art." He lists some aspects of the city — "Montreal has the nice touch of grit." But he talks of the "dark head" of McGill up the road. "The English in Westmount are afraid to have the French in their homes. Spies and spies and spies maybe. But never the French." He sticks Africa.

The day of the election the Montreal Star comes out with a banner headline: A NATION'S FUTURE IS AT STAKE TODAY. I'm intensively suspicious. To a newspaperman, the form of the headline does not say that. In fact, it is a press office creation, imposed on the newsroom. After her defeat in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, Cédric Mary Taylor-Hall is bitter over the headline. "The public had been concerned by the crisis the only way to vote for federalism was by voting Liberal. My God, how could the public have a sudden change of mind?" I'm a firm girl from Saskatchewan.

As notes in the election in only the political sciences are still slowly come down in the superlatives, but it is not, in fact, the Liberal Party that is non-French vote, that the Liberal margin over the PQ among the French-speaking vote was only 66% to 33%. The French voter, not like all the others, is not automatically in favor of at least a colorfully more sophisticated. Demagogues suggest that a Liberal party that achieved "loss" of the French-speaking vote than another party could long remove to power?

Even always reminded of the owner of a Montreal restaurant I met once over a drink in Beauséjour, a pleasant suburb to the west of the city. "I was against without French," he stated quite matter-of-factly, if not proudly. He did not want to see Montreal become "a French-Canadian ghetto like Quebec City." It recalls the prominent number of one of the most renowned Anglo-Saxon families in Montreal, who were forced in reply to a Mordant-Rothler question that on his children would be taught French, but that the great was French-Canadian and they "picked up" quite a bit.

At Laval University in Quebec City, the PQ took 75% of the vote at five campus polling stations. The Liberals, who took the riding overall, had 24%. At University of Sherbrooke, the PQ vote went up from 36% to 54%. At Joliffe around the University of Montreal in Dawsonville, the PQ took 75% of votes. To me, a hardfoot boy from the hoodlums, a government that has French-

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MM FEB 2

ENERGY from page 19

and transportation economies are intensively mined from north to south.

When the Leduc oil field was discovered in 1947 by Imperial Oil, north-south Alberta as an oil rich province after many years of frustration. For the exploration bonus, there was jubilation. Oil was discovered and stored immediately. The Imperial Oil Pipeline was started to carry the oil to the distant provinces of the east.

At that time, particularly in 1953 when the pipeline was extended to Sarnia, foreign oil was cheap. Despite the fact it had to be shipped thousands of miles across the Atlantic Ocean, it was still cheaper than oil put through a pipeline, so the line stopped at Sarnia and later Toronto. Quebec and the Maritimes would buy their oil from the Middle East. Alberta would divide its oil between Ontario and the midwestern United States.

But the Yom Kippur war of 1973 taught the Arab states the political uses of oil, and they cut their production as an attempt to weaken American and other support of Israel. As a result, Canada could have been short of oil and would by some 200,000 barrels a day, with no pipeline to bring Alberta oil east. The pipeline has apparently been reached for now with announcement by John Sheehan that he would divert 100,000 barrels a day of his own refinery's production at Come-By-Chance, Newfoundland, from American markets to Canadian ones.

We are taking other measures to bring domestic oil east. We are shipping oil from the west coast down the Pacific to Panama, through the canal and up to Canada, can cost. This is bringing about 90,000 barrels a day. We are shipping oil through the St. Lawrence river to the east, and some by truck and road, a total of 40,000 to 60,000 barrels a day. And John Sheehan proposes of the huge new refinery at Come-By-Chance, Newfoundland through a newly signed agreement with the federal government, has promised Ottawa that his export licence can be revoked, and by using the force majeure clause in his contracts he can divert 100,000 barrels a day to Canada from their intended U.S. markets. Sheehan made a deal with BP Oil Company to buy crude oil from Iran and Kuwait on a 10-year contract, and if the force majeure clause then went against Canada turned to divert oil from Canada to the U.S. by the U.S. government, can possibly, according to Sheehan it can be used the other way too.

And so it looks as if Canada may weather the current shortage of easily tanked oil with relative ease. But the problem of easily tanked oil will remain with us for at least a decade to come.

It is Professor Nard's contention that continued on page 27



The Burghers of Steinstück

Standing between the cruel past and comforting present of this newest Germany

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

STEINSTÜCKEN — It's an hour before closing time at the Gasthof zum Tausendstuck, a modestly cheerful roadside bar squashed under the Silesian portico of a converted barn, once used by housing pigeons. The jubilee has gone

mentally, after blaring out *Maria, der der Herr geht* ("Baby, put your hot pants on") and an old German song about a windmill that is a wooden table beneath a display of medieval weapons, tapping between beer. One of them is an old that when it strikes it seems to be his death knell, that

windmill. At the bar, a fat truck driver with platinum eyes is watching the strutting waitress, red sweater discarded, flex her anatomy.

At my table, marching band and crackers and sausage come down with straight gas. Hans Pripper, the late anti-prophet, is walking about life in Steinstück, a village that's become a bizarre and forgotten remnant of the Cold War. Politically a part of West Berlin, but geographically housing 1,200 people inside the East German Democratic Republic, Steinstück is surrounded by its own miniature Berlin Wall. "I like to see the people across the other side," Pripper is saying, "because I used to know them. We still write each other. It's only 400 meters from here but it's another world now."

A village of 40 houses, Steinstück is only 31 miles, Steinstück is the accidental creation of some long-ago blunder at those late World War II summer meetings which drew the borders of a divided Germany.

Pripper, a large man with a deeply lined, not entirely friendly face, is

population, dependent on one third of the cash energy output, and precisely all of this (1985) is derived from the fossil fuels. The Americans must solve their own problems and they know this. President Nixon's \$30 billion Project Independence is aimed at developing shale deposits and producing nuclear generating plants, with the cooped hope of achieving self-sufficiency by 1980. The U.S. has peaked in oil production and has only about 30 years left in the conventional oil fields.

Canada may have peaked as well. We are now entering our fourth year of decline, meaning that we have been using up our reserves without adding to them through substantial new discoveries. It doesn't mean we have run out of resources. It is, however, a pretty fair indication that we should be conserving what we have.

Indeed there is pressure from the Americans for us to join them into one field, and both our policies and our basins are in the long-range almost irrevocable. The target in this case is not oil — the Americans have 10 billion barrels of their own in Alaska, none of it in Prudhoe Bay and they're building up supplies across Alaska to get it in a hurry. But natural gas. Trillions of cubic feet of natural gas which has been discovered at the Mackenzie River Delta in the Canadian north.

Canadian Arctic Gas Study Ltd., a consortium of Canadian and American companies, wants to build a \$5.5 billion pipeline from Prudhoe Bay and the Mackenzie Delta, 800 miles north of the Arctic Circle, to bring Arctic gas south for American and Canadian consumption. The \$1.5-billion contract for building the pipeline is what we need; the gas we need. The American market to get a satisfactory high volume of gas to make the project economically feasible. The billions of oil and natural gas reserves estimated. They are generally located together (although gas has not been the case in the Mackenzie Delta where little oil has been found relative to the enormous reserves of natural gas) and they are both in the same basin, with either as fuel or as feeder stock for the petrochemical industries.

So while there is pressure on us to build or at least agree to the building of the Mackenzie Valley pipeline, there is also pressure from the province of Alberta on the federal government to prevent the western provinces to sell off its remaining severe light barrels of oil, conventional oil reserves to the Americans. Then in the form of the associated built-up reserves in Alberta and Ontario.

Premier Peter Lougheed, who states his own case on page 26, isn't simply being profligate. Ninety percent of Western Canadian oil comes today from fields which have been producing for

more than 30 years. They are declining now, and Lougheed wants to use the additional tens of billions of dollars in petrochemical industry in his province, and to derive the best price he can for the oil in the ground. He knows that when the oil is conventional fields is gone, the rest is synthetic, and he is predicting, and this will keep Alberta off the fuel and petrochemical benches for many years.

For sands of sands, call them what you will, they represent an area of some 30,000 square miles in the northeastern part of Alberta. The gases need to be surrounded with an envelope of brine, water and clay which can be re-saturated. The brine is heated and separated from the sand and upgraded and the result is synthetic crude oil which can then be refined.

The first mining and extraction facility, Greer Canadian Oil Sands is now producing a total of 51,000 barrels a day. New will be a one-billion-dollar plant to be built by Syncrude Canada Ltd. of Edmonton, located in Imperial Oil Ltd., Gulf Oil Canada Ltd., both of Toronto.



Price: car and barrel last come from 30% of an oil barrel.

Atlantic, Redfield Canada Ltd. and Canadian Oil Service Co. both of Calgary. Gulf has 30% (the other 30% each) which planned on gradually to be producing by capacity by 1977, but which has delayed starting the work pending oil and price relief from Ottawa. If and when Syncrude gets to capacity it will add 135,000 barrels a day. Recently Shell Oil announced plans for another one-billion-dollar plant which should be producing at capacity by 1980 for another 100,000 barrels.

That is an absolute maximum of 280,000 barrels of synthetic crude per day from the oil sands by the 1990s. But there have been estimates that by 1984 we'll need an additional million barrels a day for domestic consumption alone. If we maintain our current exports to the United States with an extra 200,000 barrels a day from the oil sands and with no change in the conventional fields, we'll still be 750,000 barrels a day short.

Alberta expects that the oil sands will be developed at the rate of one new billion-dollar plant every four years. We haven't got the manpower in the financial resources to build them any faster.

Energy, Mines and Resources Minister Donald S. Macdonald (who seems to come on page 26) states the export of oil to Alberta of from 400 to 500 barrels a day to the rest of the country, not just Alberta, could benefit from the higher Chicago price.

He has now been persuaded to go ahead with the Montreal link to get western oil east. This would be good for Canada, according to the Americans and referring to Premier Lougheed.

The battle between Alberta and Ottawa is unresolved at this writing. The oil producing nations of the Middle East have not lifted their embargo on shipments to the U.S. and both Canada and the U.S. were preparing for shortages through another President Nixon or another President Ford had subjected another embargo on the people of Canada or the U.S. Certainly Energy Minister Macdonald has made no secret of the fact that contingency plans for shortages exist and could be implemented immediately by the U.S. President. Nixon's chief adviser on energy matters, John Love, resigned over Nixon's refusal to impose gasoline rationing.

The initial reaction of Ottawa to the President's first statement on the American energy crisis was a curious mixture of pessimism and cynicism, with a little confusion thrown in. The federal government ruled that we must turn off our Christmas tree lights, except for a few special houses on Christmas Eve. But at the same time, Ontario Hydro officials were telling newspapermen there was plenty of electricity and they hoped that everybody would leave their Christmas tree lights and outdoor decorations on long as they were. And when Ottawa was told to cut down on office lighting in the large civil service they couldn't find anyone who knew how to pull the right switches. It was a delightful fiasco for a day or so.

But beneath all of this lay the inescapable permanence of the problem. For the fossil fuels are finite. Non-renewable. If you burn down a forest you can grow another in 30 years, but while you burn a barrel of oil that's one less barrel of oil in the world for more than a billion people. Just as we passed from the age of coal and steam to an age of oil and electricity, so we are inevitably going to pass into a nuclear age. In fact we're already started the nuclear generating station at Pickering, Ontario, is the most advanced and problem free in the world today. But the transition will take a long, long time and will never be complete. Oil is used far more than burning. Oil is burned in homes, gardens, construction, in almost anything that's made of plastic or polystyrene. There are literally thousands of different substances that come from the petrochemical industry.

Nonetheless the long-range prospect

for Canada — after the early 1980s — are bright. In Alberta alone we have about seven billion barrels of oil left and some 65 billion barrels recoverable from the oil sands and 53 billion cubic feet of natural gas. The Department of Energy, Mines and Resources estimates Canada's ultimate recoverable potential is 99.2 billion barrels of oil and 783 billion cubic feet of natural gas.

But practically all of that is in the ground and moreover a ground that is thousands of miles away from where it's needed. It has long been both blessing and curse that Canada is rich in resources but rarely can find the money to exploit them. Or more accurately, we can always find the money but there are always strong attitudes. For example with American money he had the Mackenzie pipeline there must be assurance that the lion's share of the natural gas that flows through it will be American. This is one of the Mackenzie Valley pipeline which the government plans to approve. While the Americans will get the major portion, however, there will be an added capacity which will serve the Canadian market for natural gas. Without the American market, according to both government and industry we couldn't have afforded the pipeline at this time.

The Americans would like us to sell them the gas from Mackenzie Delta. It puts us in a strong bargaining position at a time when we just aren't certain we want to bargain at all. To sell that natural gas would require building the 2,600 mile, one-billion-dollar Mackenzie Valley pipeline and there are several questions on the impact that kind of capital investment would have on the Canadian economy. Eric Kierman, former cabinet minister with the Trudeau government and now professor of economics at McGill University, argues on page 21 that building the pipeline now at all for Canada Kierman has often said he believes that Canada cannot afford to build the pipeline now (the money would nearly bankrupt it and would cause inflation and the bankruptcy of thousands of workers for a few years would damage the economy even further) and that he doesn't believe we need to develop the Mackenzie Delta yet anyway. Save it for the future.

William P. White, chairman of the Canadian Arctic Gas Study Ltd. the consortium that is planning to build the pipeline, says the case for the pipeline on page 21. He believes that Canada needs access to the Arctic natural gas and that the pipeline is the most economical means of getting it.

Beyond the financial problems of a pipeline the massive are the ecological and sociological problems. The Arctic is a fragile land. The 22,000 Eskimos and Indians who live north of the 60th parallel

continued on page 60

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let have coped with the advance of white collars and white ink is a pragmatic measure of old and new ways. The automobile replaces the dog team. Practically everything the white man does in the north draws something the indigenous people had depended on for their livelihood.

Professor Robert Page of Texas University, Peterborough, described a case study of northern highway in a paper he wrote at the impact of the Mackenzie Valley pipeline on the Canadian north. "The permafrost is crossed by a very thin layer of sandstone vegetation, any disruption of this shallow production layer exposes the permafrost to summer melting and erosion. For instance, a one-foot drop trench dug in the late 1960s to prevent leach from a forest fire had by 1972 become 12 feet deep and 50 feet wide and continues to grow each year."

It is through such land that we are planning to build a pipeline. William Wilkie contends that this can be done without damaging the environment. Indeed, he has spent more than \$7.5 million on three experimental pipeline facilities in the north, to demonstrate that a fully buried pipeline carrying gas that has been refrigerated to below 32 degrees Fahrenheit need cause no damage at all to the permafrost. In addition, the Canadian Arctic Gas Study group has just made data from six field stations on detailed environmental impact studies.

Soon Wilkie's group will — if they have not already done so since this is being written — make application to the National Energy Board to build the pipeline, and if this project is successful, to go ahead. Hatzaras will be held, of course, by the National Energy Board, which will be primarily concerned with technology, and by the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, to see that native rights are recognized. No one wants to see their rights trampled on, and of course no one wants to see the project stalled by litigation as happened on the multi-billion dollar Inuvik-Tuktoyaktuk pipeline in Quebec. It would be a fine thing if Canada could for once deal openly and wisely with one of its minority groups.

The Mackenzie pipeline must eventually be built, and whether we can afford to build it ourselves or not is an industrial south must eventually have access to the natural gas which is trapped beneath the Arctic surface.

Ronald C. France, executive vice-president and general manager of the Royal Bank, says that we must spend on energy development between 1971 and 1985 a total of \$95 billion. About \$21 billion of this will be spent on the oil industry alone, and another \$60 billion will be spent by the public sector on such projects as developing ar-

ctic gas reserves and coal pipelines to the immediate future. He says \$6 billion dollars spent on the Mackenzie pipeline, another nearly five billion dollars for the James Bay hydroelectric project which is crucial to Quebec's energy plans, and perhaps nine billion dollars invested in the Athabasca tar sands within the next 10 years. While he admits that "if all of these projects fail the street for financing all at once we shall have a difficult time indeed," he sees this, as well as upward pressure on the Canadian dollar, as problems to be solved by the financial industry and not on grounds for hesitation. "Given a committed effort by the financial community," he says, "I am confident that having recognized that financial houses are capable of coping with them."

What of alternative sources of energy? While there are many, they are easily relegated to the long-range future and won't help us now. Solar energy is for the distant future and only the countries farther north. Nuclear power is here already and the Fiskering experience has



Appleby grade house and direct fuel use 42% of the house

been good. The Fiskering geothermal station was built for \$700 million and now produces more than 3,000 megawatts, or roughly 25% of Canada's total generating capacity. The geothermal is virtually trouble-free. The problem is that it would not be economically feasible to install a comparable geothermal station in the Marathas because the total Marathas expense for electrical power would be sufficient to pay for the station. Another plant is planned for Metro Toronto but it depends on a steady and highly constrained demand.

Gasification and liquefaction of coal are being explored in the U.S. Kansas has, since 1966, spent \$30 million in research but the results cannot be used commercially before the late 1970s. Coal is abundant in both the U.S. and Canada — there are 114 billion tons of coal in the four western provinces. Alberta has 47 billion, Saskatchewan 12 billion and British Columbia 29 billion tons according to the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources. But it is costly to bring the coal into the industrial area and it is a pollutant.

However, coal is chemically related to

oil and natural gas and can theoretically be changed into synthetic gas or oil. Again the problem is that coal composition varies widely, and the technology that is sufficient for one type won't work with another.

Alvin Hamilton, former minister with the Ontario government, and now the opposition critic on government energy policy, speaks of the vast potential in converting garbage, as well as wastes from agriculture and forest industries, into oil or gas. Metro Toronto recently adopted a study along these lines and something may come of it. But the experience of St. Louis, Missouri, in converting waste to gas, has been overwhelmingly unconvincing.

Alvin Hamilton is being somewhat prophetic these days. He blames the current crisis largely on the National Energy Board's decision to advocate to rely on a swammy pipe. This, he says is what was intended, that the NEB serve as administrative body in charge of licensing, and also as independent advisors to the government. Then the Coe oil reserves ran low, and in 1965 he lost his seat, and under the Liberals the NEB decided it would be the locus of activity if they were to act as advisors and administrators simultaneously.

"There was a complete failure," Hamilton says. "When I questioned the NEB on my return to Ontario in 1972, they and they felt that if they knew too much about the industry it might prejudice their licensing, so they dropped out of the advisory function."

Whether the Tories could have prevented the crisis or not is something we can never know. Scratches it also, doubtless because no one really believed the shortage would come so quickly as it did. Many people don't really believe it would come at all.

What next? How will things go?

If John Sheahan's scheme is adopted and from Iran and Kuwait to Canadian use succeeds, probably the shortages will not be serious this year. But the basic problems will continue into the early 1980s, and such measures as gasoline rationing and compulsory allocation of heating fuels seem inevitable, if not this year then next.

Canadians have proved that they are taking the energy crisis sufficiently seriously so that Richard Rohrer's book *Ultimate* at the top of the best seller list for fiction. Rohrer has made a virtual career out of lobbying for sensible approaches to Arctic resource development. In *Ultimate* he carries his fans so far as to say that, even if the 12 floors, draft with nothing less than the seriousness of Canada by the United States to get at energy resources and then in negotiations. It's a thrilling thought, but then the book is fiction, not life. ■



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fired by the strain and pulled toward by external pressures. The fact that we have so much potential while others have less also causes problems.

But to energy clearly emerges as a key issue in the last third of the 20th century, Canada faces the challenges from a solid base. With reasonable planning, a sense of urgency and not of panic, and a realization by the people that the era of cheap energy has not come, Canada can look to the future with assurance. ■

W. P. WILDER



from page 21

would most economically transport the Alaskan North Slope gas and the Mackinac Delta gas through a single transportation system.

At full completion, however, the 2,600-mile Arctic Gas pipeline would deliver more than four billion cubic feet of gas per day, exceeding present total demand in Canada. At least half of this would be U.S. gas flowing to U.S. markets. Some Canadian gas from the delta would also be exported to U.S. markets, if it is found by the federal government to be surplus to Canadian needs.

The alternative would be an all-Canadian system to move the Mackinac Delta gas and an all-American system to move the North Slope gas.

The costs would include several billion dollars in additional investments, greatly depleted transportation costs to be paid by both Canada and U.S. consumers, and a significant delay in getting Canadian natural gas to Canadian markets, resulting in gas supply shortages in Canada.

Canada's demand for natural gas is not now by itself sufficient to provide the volumes that would make it economically feasible to transport this Arctic gas to markets more than 4,000 miles away. Without a pipeline that also transports Alaskan natural gas, it does not appear possible to provide Canadian consumers with Mackinac Delta gas by the time it will be needed, and it is economic sense. The transportation cost for delta gas will be extremely high as long as it is combined with the flow from Alaska.

Neither does an all-American system for the movement of Alaskan gas appear to be in the best interests of the United States. It would involve a pipeline from the North Slope across Alaska to the Pacific Coast where the natural gas would be liquefied (by chilling to -260 degrees Fahrenheit) for shipment by tanker. Arctic Gas estimates that such a system would add many millions of dollars per year to the cost of transporting North Slope gas to U.S. markets. And it

would deliver less gas to consumers, because a significant portion would be used in the liquefaction process. Moreover, this system would not efficiently serve all U.S. markets.

The Canadian Arctic Gas pipeline would pick up gas from the Mackinac Delta gas and Alaskan gas from Alaska. Arctic Gas pipeline on the Alaska-Yukon boundary. It would transport these supplies across the Northwest Territories and Alberta to other pipelines supplying both Canadian and U.S. consumers. It would be majority Canadian-owned, Canadian-controlled and Canadian-operated. More than five years and \$50 million have already been spent accumulating the data, the engineering, economic and environmental aspects of the pipeline. Approvals are now being sought from the Canadian and U.S. governments in time to allow completion before the end of the decade.

While Canadian Arctic Gas will be primarily a Canadian undertaking, it requires a cooperative approach by both nations to at least one vital aspect of the energy problem. It demands that both governments clearly recognize and soon solve the cooperation required by the self-interest of each nation. Otherwise, both nations will suffer the costs—in energy supply and dollars—of going our separate ways. ■

ERIC KUERNER



from page 21

But this is not the real issue. The real issue will be made by those interested companies that will pump the gas through the pipelines. Canadian ownership of the gas is still theoretically intact, but our federal government has transferred control of the resource to these companies for an interest that will vary between one-twentieth and one-third of the wellhead price. The value of the gas, like the value had negligible economic impact, belongs to the companies. We will let, as Kindleberger suggests, more dependants on them and what they do with the money that as our own government. If there is a better way for a nation-state to govern itself, it has yet to be heard of.

We effect governments not only to improve the present but also to lead us into the future. They at least should be able to take the long-term view. Canadian nationalism now at the expense of the new generation is not a worthy objective. And, yet that is what our policy of resource exploitation and accelerated exports amounts to. Since the value of the resource, the economic rear, has been assigned to foreign corporations it can be sold off at a discounted price

where to pursue other opportunities. Hence, it is not available to Canadians to replace the depleted resource by new capital goods or investment in which lies. Similarly, the accelerated depletion of the resources, while benefiting the foreign producers, can only be at the expense of Canadians. Canadian consumers. In the case of power, the energy will be several generations away. In the case of energy, it is obvious that we are talking about our own and our children's tomorrow.

If our governments are not concerned, how can we expect the private sector to be? By definition, the international company must take a short-term view. Since its losses have increasing rates, the principle must be to cash in now. The Ontario Electric Board is a case in point. The mere act of transferring control of resources to the private sector prohibits the carrying out of the long-range policies which are the responsibility of governments, to provide. Resource companies know better than governments (but some resources will yield greater returns in the future, but they also know that they may not be around to collect).

The pipeline will be both economically to satisfy the growing needs of Canadian consumers. In the meanwhile, let us not waste of these billions that we are to have to raise by expanding crown exploration in Alberta and off the east coast, by investing in the far lands, by creating a petrochemical and the conversion of other basic resources if the private sector will not do it. We do not need to invest six billion in pipelines to invest 400 permanent jobs. A shoe factory can give us more jobs than it can but less than one-tenth of that amount. Or a housing program.

As long as we insist on being a resource exporting nation we can never be an industrial power. We cannot expect to let Mr. Nixon an extra billion dollars worth of gas without his assurance on our importing his manufactured goods. If we are to do both, how would other nations pay for it? The beginnings of an industrial strategy, of which we have heard little, demand a fundamental reversal of our national policy of resource or resource development.

If the nation-state is to survive as an "economic unit," it must shed the policies of the past 25 years. We must do our own exploring, our own developing and our own planning in the field of resources. As Pierre L. Boudry has pointed out so brilliantly in his study for the Science Council of Canada, *Answer Now And The Structure Of Canadian Energy*, Canada is certainly here the resources and the will but does their government believe in them or does it continue to believe that it is only the multinational corporations that can make us great? ■

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CURLING from page 27

creased blouses, flared skirts or flared trousers, matching shoes, hats, undergarments and what glazes TV commentators can work themselves up to the proper high athletic push by shouting "Let the parade of the robe begin!"

Everything — with the possible exception of the undergarments — contributes to curling. But then the Olympic weight lifter doesn't wear his blazer and flared-toe heels in, nor does the Olympic swimmer (except he has rings fully fastened). The pageant participants run up to high or \$200 per curler depending on the quality of the suit worn.

I tell you that to indicate how curling, like every other commercially exploited sport, has become more business. But the proliferation of prizes has done more: it is now possible for one to become a curling hero. A recent hero of a bit more is well known as an international phenomenon someone who follows the weather or the press minute, who travels all over the world, eating, drinking, sleeping, investing, in search of cash and not trophies, with equipment manufacturers acting as sponsors. The equipment people fear the hero's touch as the patron supported artist and writer in earlier times. Except that of course manufacturers don't want a hero. They want their trade name featured extensively. That the former trade-name-dropper.

Curling is just moving into the age of the curling hero. Amateur development connected with commercial exploitation is the newest rage among curling. Two men and two women make up a rink, with rather strict demographics. I moved earlier the skip must always be a man, the third a woman, the second a man, and the lead a woman. When I spoke to some women curlers about the fury of the arrangement they showed no woman's lib predisposition to challenge the setup.

"The guys are better than we are," one woman told me.

"In what way?"

"They can bow it."

"All guys can bow if women?" I said and curiously asked why I'd never seen men of the curling's air-bow, Bobby Rogers.

"They sweep harder," another woman chimed in.

"They handle those heavy rocks more easily," said a third.

"They've had more experience," the first woman said.

"Aren't there any women with a lot of curling experience?" I felt there any woman skip who could handle a moral risk.

"I'm a good skip, but I wouldn't want to step a moral risk. I would know it was phony."

A woman curler I spoke to, who had been a member of trophies at the in-

ternational championship level, confessed that though she curled right to 10 times a week she didn't particularly like the game. What she loved was curling's other benefit, boozing.

"Sometimes we're up five or six after four ends and I keep hoping the other side will give up so I can get down to the real game, drinking."

The gallery of most now curling robes is a cocktail bar. A society club. People in the curling clique can watch the game and get served at the same time. So our curlers' meals, play and drink up.

Some western Canadian curling scholars will tell you that curling began its spectacular rise in the World War II but during World War I and these some scholars will give some credit to the curling for curling's subsequent adherence. During World War I the novelty hospital made its appearance — the Red Cross Hospital, the War Road Hospital, and so on. As Howard Wood and his wife remember it, the order appeared to send her women to curl (as far as I've been able to discover, there was no fixed playing of either women or men in the novelty hospital rink). Curling hospitals is say that these women soon involved their husbands and their children in curling. Cities such as Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, have, among them, a good 100 artificial ice surfaces, no de-ice-down snow in Western Canada is without its artificial ice curling rink. And the growth that began during World War I exploded during the 1950s and 1960s.

Most curling clubs have a junior league that takes care of boys and girls from the ages of 10 through 15 and others have intermediate curling for young women and young men between 16 and 21, though this league like the making of junior hockey leagues by the WIAA, is intended by the competitive risks of the big-league hospital level. Curling has no professional discipline. Even the women of curling clubs and curling clubs remain former curling amateurs. Still another development of curling's popularity which will seriously contribute to curling's future growth is the curling "school." One of the best known is champion curler Don Duguid's Curling School, a travelling show that has the big women and big clubs, give a lot of coverage, radio and TV coverage. People such as Duguid, Ray Turville, Wally Ullrich offer curling seminars, a university interest that they-day blow during which the "students" spend 26 hours per day and a total of 25 weeks, picking up pointers. Duguid has taken his school through the United States and early that winter carried his museum into France. I thought of him and of curling's growth rates when I went to spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wood.

Continued on page 28

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| 7th prize | 100,000 |
| 8th prize | 75,000 |
| 9th prize | 50,000 |
| 10th prize | 25,000 |

Arthège du Pire Rose in Tallcoat has an unusual dining room during Lake Arthège, which speaks to the rich from nearby Geneva, a town that has more millionaires than there are flowers in a wine house. Move after bankers and shuttles from countries driving on oil, then come to Pire Rose for wine. Recently, one Middle Eastern host ordered two magnums of Chateau Margaux '87 for his guests — more than enough for seven people. When one of the guests seemed to be particularly appreciative of the wine, his host ordered him another one to take home wrapped in foil. I collected as I leaned over to catch the Margaux perfume, that the bill for the three magnums (to say nothing of the champagne and caviar consumed) came to more than \$1,500.

Rosans is not the place for their kind of display. It is not a place anyone would visit except for gastronomic reasons. It looks natural phenomena and a significant name, and the dairy there will surely produce and hardware. The Troisgras hotel faces the railway station and offers the kind of comfort a commercial traveler needs after a tough day in any railway goods — bath, TV, American motel furnishings. There is one of that historical display of 18th-century croissants and little *galette* loaves. In fact, there is no lobby to speak of, just a very floor that looks like a desert's waiting room. Only a few out-of-date magazines on gastronomy and the inevitable menu in the window, but that this is a shrine for foodies.

The owner of Troisgras is a father and two sons, and the father, Jean-Baptiste Troisgras, is a gourmet for his views on wines. "Wines of 30 or 40 are magnum of gold and silver, not fed, but ready to be of service. When I see them, my stomach waters. This does not mean I'm attracted to magnum in France, nobody's interested in magnum — except a few priests." Mr. Troisgras also photographs on wine: "This is only one wine, not wine. The wine waters with the exception of Chateau Margaux and Chateau Latour, which I love to drink. They are magnum people kept alive with penicillin." Nevertheless, he was later quoted as preferring white to red wine with goat cheese.

Finally, one should find about at Troisgras. Chateau can only be seen from the local newspaper's front, west perfume, or watch the trainwreck into a dangerous mine. But, because of the beauty of travel, for too many people live in a city like — superior beauty with the lake and bath. My husband overcame, without taking his food first. Our lady passed as each table on her person as the old Chambolle-Musigny down her throat. Another lady crying for a salad, and the two gentlemen, seated in discomfort by their Toronto mothers,

kept analyzing embarrassed glasses around, for fear we were attacking at night.

We had tried to reduce some of the tension by drinking several Kirs — white was just colored by cases, a pungent black current liqueur — at the bar, and with them we ate some pears, little pears and naturally in puff pastry. Our menu was chosen for us by one of the Troisgras brothers — the necessarily plump one, who brother heavily and keeps to the kitchen most of the time — but the tall, dark, Megaphonous brother suggested "non-portion."

The Troisgras dining room has no web browser, and copper pots are not used as decoration, they are used to cook with. Emphasis is on understated elegance rather than Ye Olden Kitchen. Flowery porcelain, linen tablecloths, and ample space between each table are considered important, so a service our table was served by four waiters, and in doing, who knew exactly what they were doing.



For us, we are seated amongst in herbs that no part of the cuisine is good until we are seated in Troisgras. Fresh from their natural surroundings, we are soft and innocent, not shriveled and easy. Next come the asparagus I mentioned earlier, when, not green. We never see them in Canada, except in a can. Green or white, asparagus, especially in a state, is mostly overcooked. These asparagus that stand alone every Spook month runs first — French combined with ingredients. The party here is holding their wine to light in walked back and forth on the plate.

Sommes à l'Orléans (a served sauce) is a French classic. Our first course was the Troisgras version. Semi- or sour grass, is neglected in North America, except in books with titles such as *Let's Eat Words*, because the leaves have a somewhat better flavor. However combined with egg yolks and butter, it is Troisgras, the second course was transformed into a white balance between discomfort and delicacy.

By the time, although the previous were suitable ("I like potatoes belong to Switzerland," says Troisgras brother), we needed a breather. I came on the farm of food lesson another, swimming in

champagne. *Rose deche* is what the French call it, which comes out ugly in English — rough rag.

Then the waiter brought the ready-made bottle of burgundy, Chambolle-Musigny, 1990 "A young Hercules," estimated one of the grandmas.

The thought that we were served with the wine threat to be dangerously near that gastronomic grill, a mound of fresh goose liver from the Pénigord region perched on a sweetbread, supported as a bed of speech. A brilliant crafted sauce, which caught the reflections of the candles, coated the uncooked.

An 18th-century driver, Sydney Smith, thought of heaven as "eating plate of fat goose to the sound of trumpets." Eddie Coors wanted to die eating strawberries. According to legend, those who had their final meal die at once and remain in heaven. Although I believed I was eating the best Au de Pire Sauce Française in the world, my heart did it for more than a minute, so I waited for dessert.

Cheese, cooking Brie and reblochon strawberries with fresh raspberry sauce and fresh fruit sherbert, cannulated snow peas, the lobster mark of the burnt sugar tracing a cross pattern on the egg whites doming on their pool of tangy mustard — we had our choice. I picked them all. With dessert we drink champagne. *Bleue de Bourgogne* is the de la maison, made from white grapes only.

The cost, once though delicious, did not buy many times these days was about \$35 per person, all inclusive.

Nudging over my elegant *l'Orléans* de pure, I tried to moderate the overpowering thoughtless the mood. Among the persistence of three-hour restaurants, I was aware that gastronomic place Troisgras, even, if not at, the top. The grand style — grande aise — often drives the chef's attention. Troisgras is not good here. The beauty is in the do the cooking, wonder about in their hats and aprons, checking the plates in a good-tempered way, on a long steam bean has gone away between the kitchen and the dining room. When one did I find that smiling conversation did not deflect to North American in more places. These three stars I have been made to feel uncomfortable at Moxon's but not at Troisgras, where the food is better.

The dinner with one of the very few I've ever eaten. But what is perfection? Nudging thoughts, asparagus bothered me. Two cream sauces is a row? Was the same sauce acceptable? (How do I know? I haven't asked them.) Perhaps the concept of the perfect restaurant is an illusory one, perhaps there is so much truth in the search, the enduring belief that, in some other restaurant there is an even better sort of sauce waiting my pleasure. That keeps the going. And it's the only way to go. ■

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Manny Dunsky's not-so-soft sell for socialism

"It is possible to spend only a nominal amount of a chewing gum in 30 seconds, that it is virtually impossible to do necessary justice to the background, character, and progress of a political candidate in the same amount of time."

— Edward Nay, president of Young and Rubicam, explaining his advertising agency's decision in 1972 not to accept political accounts.

Manny Dunsky listens attentively as Nay's statement is repeated for him. He fidgets his silver-tipped lighter, rolling it about in his hand, and slowly shakes his head. "That's no job," he says. "Ad men speculate in 30-second off-the-cuff pearls of wisdom."

Ad man Manny Dunsky doesn't, he speculates in getting NDP politicians elected. Since 1965, he has worked behind the scenes to tell the NDP in those federal elections and 13 provincial contests. Despite the handicap of marketing a third party whose advertising budget is dwarfed by its two richer, more powerful opponents, Dunsky's record has been impressive. He has been one of the architects of the two victories the party has scored in Manitoba since 1969; he also directed the advertising in the NDP's successful campaigns in Saskatchewan and British Columbia and in the strong showing made by the federal NDP in 1972.

The dapper, 43-year-old president of Dunsky Advertising was a PhD student in art history when he became interested in advertising, and he still talks like an academic. "People vote as they buy, sincerely not rationally," he says, "and that visceral vote decision is made up of hundreds of things. Among them is timing, of course. But before ads were invented, wasn't it the guy who could offend people on the back of the railway car who won? The only thing that has changed is technique. We mainly make people react."

Dunsky insists to his consultants are more rather than personalities when selling the NDP. "I don't try to

manufacture personalities, and even if I did these guys wouldn't let me," he says. "It's an image-oriented party. We use our skills to project what client's message — with the over-precise proviso that we don't lie." Dunsky concedes that it is possible for advertising agencies to mold a political candidate into a highly visible package, and he points somewhat bitterly to Ontario Premier William Davis' image makers as proof. "But they can't get away with it for too long. No amount of advertising and market research will help a man when it comes to running the government."

When the Liberals of Conservatives win elections, the transparent ad agency is generally handed several lucrative government accounts, with the political plans undoubtedly being the Liberal and Tories' mainstay. The NDP has always been among the first to denounce this practice. But as it turns out, the party is no less generous to its friends. When it forms a government, Dunsky Advertising makes its with plenty of new, big government accounts.

But Dunsky insists that there is a difference. "It used to be that as soon as the government was elected the agency would go to the travel account, pull out a pretty picture from the files, slap on a headline, and clean up for as long as its friends were in power. We didn't do that." Dunsky points to Manitoba as an example of how his agency operates. When Ed Schreyer's NDP government took power, Dunsky Advertising took over the province's tourist promotion. But before it began any advertising, it made an exhaustive study of the tourist industry and generated the department with 75 pages of recommendations on how it could attract more visitors by promoting the province's broad ethnic mix. It didn't have to, the agency would have collected an entire 1970 submission for putting out money. "We didn't want to do that," says Dunsky. "We didn't want to be the last to see the telephone too much because it stresses the system. Hence, but in the advertising business, certainly overworked."

The ad campaign he drew up for Manitoba Telephone was equally unusual. There were no slogans telling customers that long-distance calls are "the next best thing to being there," nor did Manitoba Telephone try to tell them to use the telephone too much because it stresses the system. Hence, but in the advertising business, certainly overworked.

Dunsky, who now has 15 accounts with the three western NDP governments, agrees that it's essential for an NDP government in particular to select a friendly agency when it wants to promote its policies. "That isn't a tender for a highway. In many cases we're dealing with ideology. We're



Dunsky doesn't speculate on an image, bearing a message of how the government feels on an issue.

In the past, Dunsky's advertising work has been confined largely to the NDP and labor unions. But recently a few corporations have also become his clients, with mixed results.

Dunsky signed on as corporate consultant to Urvy Bank last year less than 12 months later because he didn't feel Urvy was fulfilling the "social role" it had set out for itself. That's something clients soon find out about Dunsky (they have to live up to his standards, he refuses to change his views just to retain an account).

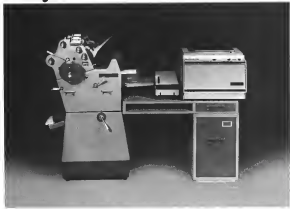
Canadian Breweries sought him out a few years ago to help the company improve its appeal to the working man in its guest voices. Dunsky pointed to the widespread legend that had occurred in the company in the preceding months and suggested it might start by cleaning up its own house. As a result, Canadian Breweries gave Dunsky (or K&L, as Breweries had adopted a no-loyalty policy, during slack periods it sends an employee to work on community projects. So Dunsky agreed to go together a program for them. Knowing Dunsky by now, Canadian Breweries officials weren't more than mildly surprised when the campaign included full-page ads urging people to "think over" before drinking and driving.

PARADE

Walker Bello is a leader for the pulp and paper mill that's the main reason for the town of Port Albert on Vancouver Island. That's his job. He's a politician, however, is organizing. That it was the Senior Citizen's Society, then the City Housing Commission, then the Port Albert and District Labor Council, of which he is president.

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thing he can't help himself. Not long ago the Port Alerion garage mechanic gained a \$60-cent-a-hour pay hike, which suited Bohn fine. But the garage owners, to offset this rise, opted to raise charges to customers by a hefty \$2.50 an hour, bringing per hour to her costs at some garage to \$16, which didn't suit him at all. The result was the Alpinex Car Cooperative, Bohn's latest organizational triumph.

Bohn, with some of his current buddies, took an option on almost half of an acre of land that held only an old woodworking shop. Six directors were appointed, each holding two \$45 shares. By March, 1979, they owned the land outright, and later on recorded the 4,200-sq-ft building into their own garage. And from their initial opening in June to the present, they've grown to more than 1,600 members, each paying \$100 to join and two dollars a month to retain membership.

You can understand why car owners join. Members save 15 cents or more on each gallon of gas. Oil, car parts, tire and labor go at about half the price charged at a regular garage. The Alpinex Car Cooperative charges \$2.50 an hour over the mechanic's wages for labor, meaning a per hour cost of \$5.50. That plus the membership fee pays for everything: taxes, benefits, pension plan, utilities and garage itself. And at six dollars an hour, the Alpinex Car Cooperative is probably the best paid in the province.



In Bohnspire, no one for the simple girl

Amazilia who are content to let Women's Liberation pass them by. Harlequin's product is pure Cinderella fantasy, which is the best-selling never-changing ideal in love, marriage and look-alike-movie-adapted, not the market for it appears to be inevitable.

Harlequin runs out almost 140 of these Cinderella products a year by authoring with both respectable writers in Great Britain and Violet Wainwright. Figures out of every 100 paperbacks sold in Canada are Harlequin and retail sales in the United States have gone from \$16 million to more than 20 million in the past five years. Romantic fiction is still only a North American addition; Harlequin novels appear in 14 languages between English and since 1970, in a period when the feminist movement has been in full flower, Harlequin's profits have tripled every year (to \$1,305,300 for the first six months of 1979).

The main plot ingredients of Harlequin romances never vary. The heroine is always a nice girl, demure, hardworking, a little heart. The setting is always exotic: Rome, the Caribbean, Africa. The hero is wealthy, attractive and highly placed, with just the faintest hint of a restrained seductive nature — Harlequin seldom sells it "savage" or "repressed" cruelty.

The relationship between the hero and the heroine is as dense as a 1930s western. Sex before marriage is an absolute taboo, the most the men and women might exchange is a "savage" or "repressed" cruelty, a "sudden love," or "a sudden lust." And all the novels end up at the point where the two heroes marriage and the heroine is turned off to be happy ever after.

Harlequin tampered with the formula only once in recent years (by introducing a hero who was married)

and it's not likely to happen again. But power in love romances objecting to the change and making it clear that they embraced with the hero's wife instead of with the heroine. The company immediately banned married heroes and told its authors that heroines' eligibility must come before ignominy.

Harlequin hasn't always concentrated on Cinderella fantasy. When it began 25 years ago in Winnipeg, its list included such story adventure stories, science fictions and even a volume by radio and television personality Gordon Seiler on a trip to India. But after five years, Mrs. R. H. Harlequin, the general editor and wife of Harlequin's founder, told her husband she didn't approve of some of the books the company was reprinting. So Harlequin gave her a free hand to publish what she wanted — romance fiction.

All Harlequin novels are first published in hard cover by Bantam, Dell, and Bantam, which Harlequin owns. All the writers are women and most live in England. But Harlequin readers are loyal to the import, and Lawrence Sanders, the company president, says a Harlequin novel will sell as many copies — about \$250,000 — as one by Violet Wainwright or Erica Summers.

An important key to Harlequin's success, as Henry sees it, is that the novels are "highly predictable, but true." All the ambiguities and complexities of life as it really is are omitted. What the reader gets in a Harlequin fantasy.

Francis Whitehead, one of the firm's editors in England, has a simple but effective explanation for romantic fiction of the Harlequin genre. She sees the novels as "a idealized form of three main ingredients: a hero who is bigger than life, a heroine from a magical background as the reader and a sufficiently unusual environment to constitute a setting for the story of their progress from courtship to marriage."

She son Mr. Darcy of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* is the archetype of the strong, silent hero that Harlequin romances feature. In that novel, the tall, handsome, rich and capable Mr. Darcy is trapped by a girl of modest background who sees in him rather than beauty or position a nobility he loves.

Maybe that Jane Austen never gave to him like this Harlequin heroine: "You little fool," he hissed, "you're leading me a fall." Apart from the purple prose, have you ever tried having a romance that doesn't have an "it"?

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The better they are the harder they fall

The weekly entertainment newspaper *Parely* (which is known in the trade as "the Bible of Show Business" but is so filled with accredited drama and hype that *Apophysis* would be more apt) devoted an issue last November to Canadian films in which it was asserted that Irish filmmaker Carroll O'Connell (a crass, homophobic, racist man of poor, jelling by the Canadian box office receipts, had the good sense and fortune to run) would probably gross \$650,000 in North America, making it the most profitable English-Canadian movie to date.

There's no need to rush for the *Alka-Seltzer* (not yet) because the story is untrue. *Carroll O'Connell* (it is claimed) was Big Bertha in the drive-in even if it was *They Were Alice* in the city. Many more of the drive-in and small towns do not report weekly grosses to *Parely*, for instance in its 50 top-grossing films chart (a weekly index which *Carroll O'Connell* finished only once, and very low, in 1973), and then only in the company of a double-billed film called *Alka-Seltzer* no other films are ever likely to be published. But one thing is clear, if there would have occurred the finest hit-and-run in record. No matter what *Carroll O'Connell* did, earned, it earned a humbly and shockingly.

What makes the claimed success of *Carroll O'Connell* so annoying is that 1973 was the year in which one of the finest Canadian films made to date, *Doc Robert's Believes*, failed, not with financial disaster, but with enough that such a fine film should not to draw audiences (perhaps the theatre locations had bad, perhaps the advertising campaign lacked pizzazz; the collapse of the Canadian Film Awards certainly didn't help) without having it told with a cynical, unconvincing sympathy that the bad always does out the good, and the public doesn't deserve anything better.

These thoughts are prompted by the arrival of a beautiful new film that is likely to have to fight for its life

to be seen. It would be fitting to introduce Vancouver film director Jack Ducas with a feature of *Impetuous*, a roll of drama, a mystery, a sound of sound. His film *Wolf Pen Principle* is a convincing proof that Ducas is the real McCoy, an original artist whose vision of life is penetrating and stirring.

His first two features, *Great Green* (*Of History and Prophecy*) (*Sharon*), also, did not have a winning way with films) cost \$6,500 and \$16,000 respectively, were shot as black-and-white films, and have been easily seen outside film-fest sections. His new work, in color, costing \$100,000, most of it covered by the Canadian Film Development Corporation, is his breakthrough movie. The first two films may work just justification reach their widest audience to date if and when *Global Television* purchases them for its Canadian film series, but *Wolf Pen Principle* should receive national, theatrical distribution during 1974, making it for most filmmakers their first opportunity to meet this decisively initiated new director.

Judged by current film costs, Ducas' budgets appear absurdly low. But as if to prove that genius does cheaply and ingeniously what mere talent does expensively and routinely, it would be wise to remember that *Carroll O'Connell*'s first (and personal favorite) film *A Four Fingered* was made for \$25,000 and *Doc Robert's Believes* cost \$87,000. Ducas' *Wolf Pen Principle* mightily belongs in such company.

The film stars Vladimir Valcova (who portrayed the station master in the Oscar-winning *Cherry Orchard* Trains). He was born in Canada.



Robert O'Connell in *Wolf Pen Principle*

donkeys and new residents in Edmonton) as Henry Maudslott, a theatre manager, who sold on into middle age is facing the turning point of his life. He finds trapped in every sense of his existence, his marriage, his home, his job, and only at night, when he is alone and visits the zoo to be with the wolves he has befriended, with whom he identifies and about whom he fantasizes, does he feel anything like peace or contentment. He becomes acquainted there with a young Indian named Smith (portrayed by Lawrence Brown) who wants to free the wolves as an act of social protest. But the wolves, as it turns out, have a will and way of their own, and both characters, so obsessed with their personal views and relationship with the animals, meet with a profound defeat. The plot is something but it's not everything. Ducas is a former painter, and it is precisely the supernatural seriousness of his films that one remembers intensely; they have a distinctive look and mood that comes only when all the mitigated aspects of a film production are in masterful control.

Wolf Pen Principle is not likely to raise a storm at the box office. It has no story sensationalism, appeal for ad writers to exploit. In view of the difficulties of *Robert's Believes* (and it's even rumored that *Carroll O'Connell* may never break even), the film may be shelved up as a loss. But it is no loser. *Wolf Pen Principle* is a brilliant film, an inspired and dedicated film, made by a director who really cares about the medium and its audience, and is determined to give those audiences the best of which he is capable. It is now the filmmaker's turn to prove by their support that sometimes the good always out the bad, and that they do know the difference.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

Sleeping Beauty Allen will greatly amuse his fans with his baroque speed, filled with delicious sight gags.

The Day Of The Dolphin Mike Nichols' new film starring George C. Scott and two dolphins named Alpha and Beta, makes as use of the best he has done to date.

PARADE

Good Swarthmore could probably be passed off as an invention of mythology, were it not for each year's big connoisseur as *Chief Maudslott*. At the age of 87, Maudslott — pianist, composer, compulsive traveler, doctor of history, philosopher and brother to all men — has just begun his second concert tour in two years of the Ca-



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Savoring love and life in Sex and Death

For many people, the moment of truth — which is also the moment of maturity — comes when its members are laid at the world outside with no clear doubt as they look into those abyss — and vice versa. That is why the first stages of adolescence usually involve a furious rejection of outsiders, but the later stages usually an equally aversive desire to escape the whole world.

At the peak of the Elizabethan age Englishmen were intensely rare and proud of themselves, but they were also so conscious of the restlessness of other times and places that they filled their theaters with plays that showed not only the greatness of England but also the exotic fascination of Renaissance Italy and the vanished splendor of Ancient Rome. Antonio's turn, apparently, is cultural moment of truth when Henry James and afterward Ernest Hemingway and Ezra Pound made Europe their stepping ground and yet remained thoroughly American.

3 authors who have gone on reached the same moment of truth when we can begin to face not only ourselves but also the world outside in the manner of our self-knowledge. It is one of the great signs of our coming of age that during the past decade a whole group of Canadian writers — Margaret Laurence, Doris Gaskin, Audrey Thomas — should have produced a series of excellent novels (*The Side Avenue* and *The New Americans* and *Mr. Blood*) set unequivocally in the continent of Africa.

Yet it is the poets who have always been the real pioneers in Canada, and so most years, even more than the novelists, they have been attracted by the urge to travel and the urge to express their reactions to Africa. The best example of this process is Al Purdy, who has told the historic moments of Canada more poetically than any poet since Frost, but has also questioned the earth with such creative passion that one never knows any longer whether he can be found beside Roblin Lake at Anishabourgh, Ontario,

or has taken off on an odyssey that may end in North Saskatchewan beside the saltfields of Badkise or may end so early, laid bare in the Kalibin desert or on the fringes of the Balkans with war blowing up in the winter snows. Thus Purdy, who continues to see his own land intensely while making the globe his endless province, is admirably featured in his newest book, *Sex and Death* (McClelland and Stewart, \$3.99).

The title sounds sensational and it is, but that is the Purdy style, and nothing wrong with it as long as you catch the various ways which combine the underlying kindness of the voice and the man. For, as Purdy explains, "In my book, sex and death must always include love and life," and in *Sex and Death* the four elements are repeatedly combined and explained in poems, whose settings are scattered over Canada, South Africa, Italy, Greenland, the United States, Mexico, Greece, Turkey and Japan. In his poems about South Africa and Japan, as in earlier poems about Cuba, Purdy asserts his conviction that when we choose to know the world outside we cannot ignore the world inside, because "knowing is sharing," the last of it, he feels "in the thrust of Johannesburg an evil / I stretched out my hand towards / and entered with my body."

A similar conviction explains why one of the two very good Canadian novels I'm reviewing is about another place and another time and yet ends so deeply in the heart. Michael Jacar's *The Last Butterfly* (McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95) takes us to Czechoslovakia, to the old fortress of Trebon about 60 miles from Prague, back by the Austro-Hungarian Maria Theresa, and used by the Germans during the last war as a concentration camp where Jews were gathered and filtered out, true to form, to Auschwitz and extinction.

The evil that happened in the concentration camps is a bitter truth well known and told. Not so often chronicled is the human goodness that sometimes flickered into such grim settings like a butterfly caught by winter. *The Last Butterfly* tells of an innocent dove, hiding one of the farm town's orphans, half-Jewish and on the last legs of his career, who is accompanied by some caprice of the authorities to entertain the Jewish children of Trebon. Antonio, the dove, answers these demands, and it finally shut up with a group of children even more writhed than the end. As the train crosses Antonio and his children toward the gas chambers it is haunted by British aircraft, and

around the wreck there is a small spring of the present, some of whom escape to the pasture in the forest, but Antonio is incarcerated in the gas chamber as surprisingly set to die but to be taken back to camp for yet other doomed children, and it is also his triumph for, as one of the other characters says, "That's the sort of cruelty that stops us all going insane." Michael Jacar's triumph is to have written, coolly without morbidity or false sentiment, a true and moving novel on a phase of human aberration we all thought had been among days of everything but a residual horror.

Of course there is a residual horror in all existence as long as we are creatures that live and die. One does not need the memory of concentration camps to be aware of that, as Audrey Thomas' *Song My Mother Taught Me* (McClelland, \$2.50) does, asserts when its teenage heroine Rachel accepts no offer of summer employment and finds herself working in a mental hospital ward where the female inmates have lost even the intellectual pretensions that make most mental lives tolerable in comparison.

Since Rachel's portrait on the dust cover of *Song My Mother Taught Me* is also Audrey Thomas' childhood portrait, we are aware the tale of growing up in the New York back country belongs to the intellectual borderland between autobiography and fiction. Though of the usefulness of real life has been swept up in brave words and sometimes even in bravado, the pattern of moving through frustration and humiliation toward self-knowledge — the classic pattern of novels of adolescence. Yet Audrey Thomas has also kept enough hold on the way it really was in present not only splendid character portraits of the people whom her childhood and Rachel's seem to share, but also to trap in the amber of a very translucent prose the authentic savor and speed of this strange dreamer's decade of the Forties.



Audrey Thomas, the lone sister of the Forties

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